This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 944,805

PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY OF

THE UNIVERSITY of MICHIGAN,

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE PUBLISHER,

EDGAR S. WERNER,

108 East 16th Street, NEW YORK.

WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

5-1-1897

NUMBER TWELVE

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

ELSIE M. WILBOR

NEW YORK
EDGAR S. WERNER, 108 EAST 16TH ST.
1894

COPYRIGHT
1893
BY EDGAR S. WERNER
All rights reserved

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
About Contributions,	32
After a Dance.—John Moran,	81
Almiry Ann,	137
Ann Rafferty's Evidence.—Annie S. Shields,	128
Baby Logic.—Elizabeth W. Bellamy,	74
Bachelor's Dream, The.—Thomas Hood,	161
Buying and Shopping,	51
Cause for Complaint,	85
Children of the Lord's Supper, The.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,	98
Columbian Legend, A.—Walt Mason,	48
Consensus of the Competent, A.—Dorothea Lummis,	143
Corregio.—"Kruna,"	116
Crucifixion, The.—Lew Wallace,	179
Cruel Deception, A,	93
Dad's Little Fiddle.—Fred Warner Sibley,	109
Dog Partnership Case, A,	155
Domestic Episode, A,	151
Farewell, The,	113
Farmer's Song-Bird, The.—George Horton,	111
Fatal Arrow, The,	164
Fire-Bells.—M. R. Johnson,	106
Flossie.—L. R. Hamberlin,	63
Glaucus and the Lion.—Edward Bulwer-Lytton,	88
Good Measure,	178
Great Bell of Pekin, The.—Jessie F. O'Donnell,	121
Guest, The.—Harriet McEwen Kimball,	49
Gyda of Varsland.—Anne V. Culbertson,	95
He Had to Speak,	154
Hero of the Rank and File, The.—Michael Scanlan,	37
How the Revival Came.—Margaret J. Bidwell,	85
I'm Glad He Knows.—Tom Brown,	145
I'm Not a Single Man.—Thomas Hood,	157
In Pitti.—Louise de la Rame,	1
Is It Love?	84
Jerry an' Me,	70
Jester, The,	24
Joe, My Pard, the Parson.—S. Blair McBeath,	152
Journey to What's Its Name, A.—Monologue for a man,	33
Kiss, A.,	144

Knitting.—Mary Kyle Dallas, ... 77
Last Night, The.—Virna Woods, ... 40
Laura's Composition on the Cow, ... 113
Little Boy Blue, ... 114
Little Cookie-Hookie.—H. L. Piner, ... 72
Little Lady-Bird, The.—Caroline Anne Southey, ... 103
Mary's Story of the Crucifixion.—Edwin Arnold, ... 132
May Bug, The.—Annette von Brandis, ... 12
Men Who Wore the Shield, The.—Kate Brownlee Sherwood . . 125
Mickey Coaches His Father.—Ernest Jarrold, ... 43
My Aunt Maria.—Elsie Malone McCollum, ... 75
No Royal Road to Victory.—Irving Glen, ... 20
Organist, The.—Matthias Barr, ... 165
Our Christmas, ... 30
Quaker Boy, The.—Brummell Jones, ... 50
Receipt for a Racket, A.—M. E. B. 39
Remarkable Case, A, ... 94
Reporter's Prayer, A.—J. A. Fraser, Jr., ... 112
Rivals, The.—H. Greenhough Smith, ... 52
Running a Race.—C. W. F., ... 170
St. Valentine's Day.—Helen Whitney Clark, ... 57
Santa Claus and the Mouse, ... 150
Sara.—George D. Sutton, ... 81
Secrets of the Heart, The.—Austin Dobson, ... 21
Stealing Roses.—Mrs. Mary L. Gaddess, ... 69
Sun-Dial, The.—Austin Dobson, ... 104
Sunday Talk in the Horse Sheds.—Robert J. Burdette, ... 78
Telephone Conversation, A.—Helen A. Gregg 23
Two Old Soldiers, The.—J. C. Macy, ... 115
Two Professions.—G. E. Throop, ... 131
Uncle Bob's Story of Daniel, ... 176
Violin Fantasy, A.—Genevieve C. Fletcher, ... 148
Voyage of Maeldune, The.—Alfred Tennyson, ... 59
Waiting Juliet, The.—Arthur Quiller Couch, ... 167
Women's Rights, ... 80
Year's Twelve Children, The. 46
Zenobia.—Mrs. W. R. Jones, ... 171

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

	PAGE.
ARNOLD, EDWIN,	132
BARR, MATTHIAS,	165
BELLAMY, ELIZABETH W.,	74
BIDWELL, MARGARET J.,	85
BRANDIS, ANNETTE VON,	12
BROWN, TOM.	145
BURDETTE, ROBERT J.,	78
C. W. F.,	170
CLARK, HELEN WHITNEY,	57
COUCH, ARTHUR QUILLER,	167
CULBERTSON, ANNE V.,	95
DALLAS, MARY KYLE,	77
DE LA RAMÉ, LOUISE,	1
DOBSON, AUSTIN,	21, 104
FLETCHER, GENEVIEVE C.,	148
FRASER, JR., J. A.	112
GADDESS, MRS. MARY L.,	69
GLEN, IRVING,	20
GREGG, HELEN A.,	23
HAMBERLIN, L. R.,	63
HOOD, THOMAS,	157, 161
HORTON, GEORGE,	111
JARROLD, ERNEST,	43
JOHNSON, M. R.,	106
JONES, BRUMMELL,	50
JONES, MRS. W. R.,	171
KIMBALL, HARRIET MCEWEN,	49
"KRUNA,"	116
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH,	98
LUMMIS, DOROTHEA,	143
LYTTON, EDWARD BULWER,	88
M. E. B.	39

McBeath, S. Blair, ... 152
McCollum, Elsie Malone, ... 75
Macy, J. C., ... 115
Mason, Walt, ... 48
Moran, John, ... 81
O'Donnell, Jessie F. 121
Piner, H. L., ... 72
Scanlon, Michael, ... 87
Sherwood, Kate Brownlee, ... 125
Shields, Annie S., ... 128
Sibley, Fred Warner, ... 109
Smith, H. Greenhough, ... 52
Southey, Caroline Anne, ... 103
Sutton, George D., ... 81
Tennyson, Alfred, ... 59
Throop, G. E., ... 131
Wallace, Lew, ... 179
Woods, Virna, ... 40

I go; it is now after one o'clock; the man will come for me. Might I be permitted to ask—did I hear you rightly? Did you really say you were copying these tapestries for—for—for any one?

DOROTHY. For the tradesman who has ordered them.

SIR OSCAR. Then might I ask a very great favor? Might I beg you to paint me a suite of this furniture? As I said, I am going to have some rooms in my own house decorated like these, with some tapestries I found in Flanders, and if you would have the infinite goodness——

DOROTHY. There is no question of goodness. I copy for any one who employs me.

SIR OSCAR [*disconcerted*]. Ah, exactly—but still, you know, it will be a very great favor for me if you will permit me to be classed among your——

DOROTHY. Patrons. When I have finished this set, I shall be happy to begin other pieces for you. It is my trade.

SIR OSCAR. You have made me very happy. May I see you again to-morrow?

DOROTHY. I am always here. But there is nothing to see me for, if you will give your orders now, and tell me where to send the pieces when finished.

SIR OSCAR. Here is my card. I am staying in Florence, but the paintings, of course, will be sent to my own place.

DOROTHY. If you will write your directions, I will attend to them as soon as this commission is finished.

SIR OSCAR [*to himself*]. Clearly she wants to get rid of me. [*Aloud.*] Where may I send them?

DOROTHY. You may leave them on that table.

SIR OSCAR. I shall return to-morrow. I will bring them. I suppose the man won't forget to unlock the door?

DOROTHY. Probably not. I was once forgotten until sunset.

SIR OSCAR [*sotto voce*]. I wish I might be to-day, if you were forgotten, too! What a cool young lady it is! She knows who I am now, but it doesn't seem to make any difference. [*Looks at watch.*] By Jove, it is half-past two! Pardon me—how late do you stay here?

DOROTHY. Till four.

SIR OSCAR. Without eating anything?

DOROTHY. I breakfasted before I came out.

SIR OSCAR. Might I be favored with your address, in case—in case—anything should prevent my coming back to-morrow?

DOROTHY. Certainly. My name is Claremont, and I live at the Columbaia.

SIR OSCAR. So many thanks! The Dovecot—what a pretty idea? And are there any other doves beside you in it?

DOROTHY [*coldly*]. I live with my mother. We are poor.

SIR OSCAR. But does not your mother feel uneasy when you are so long away?

DOROTHY. Oh, no.

SIR OSCAR. Who taught you to snub people so unmercifully?

DOROTHY. Strangers, who suppose that because I am copying in the palace I may be addressed without any ceremony, and am here only to amuse them.

SIR OSCAR. Oh, come; that is very severe! I assure you, my dear young lady, I never dreamed of being impertinent, I wouldn't be so for worlds; nobody could be to you——

DOROTHY. I shall be more convinced of that if you will allow me to continue my work in silence.

SIR OSCAR. Oh, of course! I beg your pardon. [*Aside.*] What a severe little kitten it is! Perhaps she is right, though. That man decidedly has forgotten me. If the little girl would let one talk to her, it wouldn't matter; but making sketches all alone on an empty stomach is not enlivening. I suppose I ought to have tipped the fellow beforehand. [*An hour passes; four o'clock strikes.*] Four, as I live. Well, now we shall get out. I think I may say a word. [*Aloud.*] I suppose we shall be let out soon, shall we not? How fearfully warm it is! Are you not very tired? Do you never get a headache?

DOROTHY. Yes, I often get a headache. The custodian will be here in a moment. The people all leave the galleries at four. [*Later.*] It is actually a quarter to five; something must have happened.

SIR OSCAR. Oh, no; the fellow has gone to sleep somewhere. He'll be sure to come, as you said just now. I wonder if you are any relation of a man I was much attached to once; he was my tutor at Eton, a magnificent scholar. What became of him I never knew. I am ashamed to say I forgot all about him when I went into the Guards. He was called Tom Claremont.

DOROTHY. I think you speak of my father.

SIR OSCAR [*with animation*]. You don't mean it! Well, you are like him, now I think of it. Is he—is he—living?

DOROTHY. No; he died many years ago. He came to Italy for his health. He married here.

SIR OSCAR [*with feeling*]. My dear little lady, don't snub me any more. I can assure you I loved Tom Claremont as much as a boy can love anything; any grain of sense or decency I have in me I owe to him, to say nothing of any Greek and Latin. You are the daughter of a very noble fellow. He deserved a better fate than to die in a foreign land and leave his child to work for her living.

DOROTHY. He had always worked for his own.

SIR OSCAR. I have often thought of him. He had great ideas of what I might do, and I disappointed him greatly by becoming a Guardsman. Might I ask—you spoke of your mother—did my old friend marry an Italian?

DOROTHY. My mother is a German; she was Countess Hedwig von Brander. Her own people have refused to know her since her marriage; they leave us quite to ourselves. She is blind.

SIR OSCAR. Blind! Good heavens! What have you done to fate that you should be so persecuted?

DOROTHY. Fate might be much more cruel. I have my blessings. My mother is not at all unhappy. She has the sweetest temper, and sings beautifully. If she could be reconciled to her own people, she would desire nothing more; but they thought the marriage beneath her because my father was not noble and was poor; but if you knew him, you knew that he was worthy of an empress.

SIR OSCAR. Most surely. [*Thinks to himself.*] So that is where you get your blonde curls and your little air of hauteur.

DOROTHY [*restlessly*]. Is it not very strange this custodian does not come? He left me here once until six; but then it was only myself; now he knows you are here.

SIR OSCAR. I ought to have refreshed his memory with five francs. But if you are not in a hurry, I am not; if he had come at the regulation hour, I should never have found out you were Claremont's daughter. Now you will let me call on you, won't you?

DOROTHY [*hesitatingly*]. Yes—I suppose—I don't know—I will ask my mother. She does not wish people to call; she dislikes new acquaintances. [*Uneasily.*] What time is it? Perhaps my watch has stopped.

SIR OSCAR. Mine's half-past six, but it may be too fast; I haven't listened to the town clocks lately. Do tell me more about your father. Where did you say he died? At Camaldoli? Where is Camaldoli?

DOROTHY. It is a monastery in the hills which has been changed into a hotel; it stands in the midst of pine forests. He was so patient, so quiet; it seems only yesterday—please do not speak of it. Have you no relatives, no mother?

SIR OSCAR. My mother died long ago; I have two sisters; they don't care a hang about me, nor I a rap about them. I have lots of relatives—about 500; but I see as little of them as possible; they are always wanting something. I am very bitter sometimes, especially if I feel people want to get over me.

DOROTHY. To get over? That means——?

SIR OSCAR. Well, in our language, it means cheat one, use one for their own purposes. That slipshod language is a habit—like smoking cigarettes. I hope you don't smoke, do you?

DOROTHY. I smoke! I!

SIR OSCAR. How dreadfully scandalized you look! I was sure you didn't. If you knew how sick one gets of seeing women smoke, and making believe they like it, and spoiling their lips and breath!

DOROTHY. I did not know women ever smoked. In what country do they?

SIR OSCAR. In that very queer country which you happily have

never traversed—society. If you had smoked, however, I have some cigarettes with me, and it might have made you feel less hungry.

DOROTHY. Thanks, I am not hungry, I have eaten my buns. But you must want your dinner terribly, Colonel—Sir Oscar—I am not sure what you are called?

SIR OSCAR. My men call me the first; society the second. You can call me whatever you like.

DOROTHY [*uneasily*]. How very strange it is that the custodian does not come!

SIR OSCAR [*cheerfully*]. Of course, the old fellow will come when night falls. They are sure to shut the palace up carefully. Do you know I am beginning to believe in fate?

DOROTHY. Indeed? Because an Italian door-keeper has forgotten his keys?

SIR OSCAR. Yes, and for other things.

DOROTHY [*embarrassed*]. A custodian, for instance, who keeps one without luncheon and makes one late for dinner! Well, it is to be hoped he is not met with every day. You must be very hungry, Sir Oscar.

SIR OSCAR. I am, I grant; but it doesn't matter. There is a kind of scent of dinner in the air, isn't there?

DOROTHY. I hardly perceive it. Listen! [*The bells ring for the Ave Maria. Rising with agitation.*] That is the Ventitre! and they do not come! What shall I do? Whatever will my mother think? Only think how wretched my mother will be, expecting me hour after hour—I am never later than five—and nobody is with her but our stupid Teresina! Oh, cannot you make them hear? Do call—shout out—as if you were telling the Guards to charge!

SIR OSCAR. I will do my best; here goes. [*Leans out of window and halloos; no response.*]

DOROTHY [*in despair*]. No one hears! Oh, how terrible it is! Whatever can I do?

SIR OSCAR. I fear there is nothing to be done. I would get

down the wall, but these confounded windows are too narrow for me to squeeze through them. If I only knew what to do! I'm afraid I must bore you horribly.

DOROTHY. Oh, no! you are so kind, and I am so selfish. I forgot how you must want your dinner. You have made me forget the time; you have been very kind. I should feel much more frightened if I were left alone.

SIR OSCAR [*makes a tour of the three apartments, and returns*]. I have tried to force the doors, but they defy me. There is no exit of any sort possible. What can I do? You know the place. Command me. I will do the possible and the impossible.

DOROTHY. I think there is nothing you can do, as you can make no one hear. It is inexplicable. The man must have gone to sleep; it is nearly dark.

SIR OSCAR. It looks darker than it is outside, because of all these tapestries. To think you have had nothing to eat all day!

DOROTHY. I do not mind that. I often eat nothing all day. Would you like to smoke? I think you said you had cigars.

SIR OSCAR. Well, I'll go and light up in the next room to show you how I appreciate your kindness. [*He goes and reflects.*] On my honor, if there be such a thing as love at first sight, I am in love! After all, what could one find better than Tom Claremont's daughter? He was the finest fellow that ever lived. It sounds awfully ridiculous, when I've been afraid of being caught by women ever since I was twenty, and when I've seen her just a few hours ago in this room; but I think one might do worse. [*Throws end of cigarette into a corner and looks around.*] If only one could find a bit of light, it would comfort her. [*Sees an end of wax candle; takes it and goes to her.*] Here's an atom of wax candle. I'll light it, and stick it in one of those candelabra; it will be better than nothing. Perhaps they will see a light in those windows and come up, some of them. There! Pray don't be alarmed at—at —about anything, Miss Claremont. I'll go in the furthest room.

DOROTHY [*simply*]. I am a little—just a little—afraid of being in the dark. [*The bells sound half-past eight; the candle burns low.*]

SIR OSCAR. That candle hasn't twenty minutes' life in him; perhaps there are some other bits of wax somewhere. I wish we could get out of this for your sake—you begin to look so tired. It's quite shocking for you to have gone all day on those two buns, and not a drop of water.

DOROTHY. If I could let my mother know I am safe! She will imagine every dreadful accident under the sun, and they will never think to come here.

SIR OSCAR. Perhaps they may. [*Thinks.*] I should like to tell her all I think of her; but I suppose it would be brutal when she is shut up like this. On my honor, I never felt so inclined to marry before! It's likely enough we shan't get out till morning; it will be awfully cruel for her.

DOROTHY [*with distress*]. How can they possibly treat me like this! They know me so well, I come here continually. Of course, it is not like the galleries, which they must close; but still they ought to shut up the palace at sunset.

SIR OSCAR. They have forgotten this particular corner of it. Pray don't fret; if I could get them to come by breaking my neck, I assure you I shouldn't hesitate a minute; but when I can't get out of any one of the windows—

DOROTHY. If you could get out of the windows, you could do nothing; they are an immense height.

SIR OSCAR. I would chance it for your sake.

DOROTHY [*smiling*]. Or—to dine?

SIR OSCAR. That is cruel. Have I shown any remembrance that I have not dined? Indeed, after that cigarette which you so kindly allowed me, I am quite refreshed. But that you should not even have a glass of water distresses me infinitely.

DOROTHY [*with tears*]. Oh, all that does not matter in the least. It is to think how unhappy my poor mother must be! And you know everything is so much worse to those who are blind. They feel they can do nothing.

SIR OSCAR. Pray, pray, don't cry. I never can stand seeing a woman cry. I know it's awful for you, and one feels such a fool not

to be able to do something. Perhaps I could smash the door if I put my shoulder to it. Shall I try?

DOROTHY. No, I think you could not move it; these doors are so strong; and they would put you in prison afterward.

SIR OSCAR. I would chance that. If it won't frighten you, I'll try if I can't smash the panels in. I see nothing else for it. Here goes!

DOROTHY. Oh! pray don't; you may hurt yourself, and they will be so angry!

SIR OSCAR. My dear, I'm more likely to hurt the wall. The worst of it is, that these things they made in the Dark Ages are so confoundedly well made that they'd almost resist artillery. If it were a door in my house in London, I'd send it flying into splinters in two seconds. Stand out of the way, and let me have a try before the candle goes out.

DOROTHY [*to herself*]. How kind he is, and how good, and how strong! I feel as if I had known him all my life. If he should hurt himself! If the door were to fall on him!

SIR OSCAR. Why, how pale you are! Do you think the thing will tumble on me like the gates of Gaza? Pray don't be frightened. I thought you were such a cool, courageous little lady. I assure you the only damage done will be to the panels, and money will repair that. Now, will you please hold that candle while I try? Here goes! [*Puts shoulder to door; pushes vainly.*]

DOROTHY. Oh, pray do not try it, you will hurt yourself; you must be bruised and strained already; and if you did knock it down, they would put you in the Bargello. You know this is the King's palace!

SIR OSCAR [*laughing*]. They won't behead me. Don't think I'm going to give in before a wooden door. [*Tries again, and sends the panels flying in splinters.*] There! I knew I should beat the confounded thing. Now you are free, my bonny bird! Will you run down the stairs and leave me here, or will you prefer me to go and call them?

DOROTHY. Oh, how strong you are! How beautiful to be as strong as that!

SIR OSCAR. Hercules always wins by a head with you ladies. Why, you are paler than you were before! What is the matter?

DOROTHY. I am only so glad, and it seems wonderful to be as strong as you are! You rent the door as I should paper.

SIR OSCAR. Not quite; it took me fifteen minutes. Don't be in such a tremendous hurry. I—I—want to ask you something.

DOROTHY. I cannot wait a moment, indeed I cannot. I shall run all the way home. It must be nearly nine o'clock. Think of mamma!

SIR OSCAR. Yes; but I want a word, just a word, with you first, before any one comes upstairs. Do wait one second; you can run off afterward as soon as you please; but I must say it, if I die for it. Half a day like this counts for more than half a year. Don't you think so? I don't know what you feel about me, I can't hope that you feel anything; but what I feel is just this—you please me more than any woman that ever lived. Will you come and live at Rivaux—as my wife? By George, there is the candle gone out! Well, it served our time. My dear little love, don't be frightened; will you give me your hand? We will feel our way downstairs. But before we go out, do answer me.

DOROTHY [*agitated*]. It is quite dark!

SIR OSCAR. It is quite dark, but the nightingales find their tongues in the darkness, and so can you.

DOROTHY. We must speak to the custodian.

SIR OSCAR. We must certainly speak to the custodian—at least, I will, and forcibly—but first, please speak to me. Tell me you don't dislike me!

DOROTHY. Dislike you?

SIR OSCAR. May I take you home?

DOROTHY [*in a whisper*]. If you wish.

THE MAY BUG.

ANNETTE VON BRANDIS.

THE asylum in France so dark and cold,
'Twould drive a sane mind mad with fear
To see in corners damp with mould
Roaches creep; and mice that peer
From jagged cracks wherein they slink;
And spiders' webs along the wall—
From worse than this do sound minds shrink,
From moans and yells
In wretched cells,
And maniacs' shrieks above it all.

God save us all from such a place
And pity such hordes of mindless humanity;
And pity for her of the sweet, white face—
Perfect in features, but blank with insanity,
Who now seizes the grating and peers thro' the bars,
Outstretching her hands with a cry to be free;
Then, with a frown that her beauty mars,
Clinches her hands
And clutches the strands
Of her bright, tangled hair—there, see!

A pleasing vision greets her eye;
A patch of sunlight, round and small,
Through the bars streams radiantly
And shines upon the grimy wall.
The maniac, with outstretched hands,
Gives vent to quick, persuasive call;
Her face all abeam,
As in some happy dream,
In admiration there she stands:

"O you pretty, shining thing!
  Where came you from, how came you here?
O there I see a golden wing
  Nay, fly not away—need have no fear,
I will not harm—you have gone,
  Lovely thing with shining back!
No, 'gainst the ceiling you have flown,
        Now along the wall you glance—
        Now upon the floor you dance.
  O I see you hiding in the crack!"

There's a click at the door, a grating sound,
  The keeper enters; back swings the door;
He watches curiously as, with a bound,
  The maniac crosses, then kneels on the floor:
"You cannot escape me now, ho! ho!"
  He hears her voice exulting ring;
"You cannot fly away. No! No!
        For now I think
        I'll keep you caged within the chink
  You'll make for me a fine plaything!"

"What have you there?" the keeper says,
  Bending above her with ugly frown.
"The May Bug, with wings like golden lace;
  In this little crack it's buzzing 'round.
I picked a hole here ever so small,
  And the pretty thing, I coaxed it in."
"I forbade you make such holes in the wall,"
        Said the cruel man;
        And with his great, rough hand
  Struck the girl. O unpardonable sin!

She did not cry out, but shrank away;
  On her long lashes trembled tears.
He only leered, laughed brutally,—

He knew how to infuse his charges with fears.
O cruel was he in his supreme power,
With never an act or an impulse kind;
And it pleased him to see the fair girl cower.
(As a casket was she
Shaped exquisitely
Bereft of its precious treasure, the mind.)

The man, without intellect, brutally human,
Like a giant towers with limbs of brawn;
The other, without reason, a delicate woman,
In the power of the beast, a trembling fawn.
Dark and coarse and rough was his skin,
His veins like whip-cords swelled;
Her skin like delicate china was thin,
And white as snow;
And seen below
The veins like blue lines faintly penciled.

Sharp were his eyes and steely blue,
Bright as bits of broken glass;
Deep and velvety, of pansy hue,
Were the eyes of the crazy lass.
His lips were thick and like stagnant blood,
From him the children shrank with dread;
Her lips were full as a red rose-bud;
Black, coarse, his hair;
Hers fine and fair
Like a golden halo 'round her head.

As the keeper turned again to go
The patch of sunlight shone on his hair.
The girl in ecstasy cried out: "O
The pretty May Bug has lighted there,
It is flitting and dancing all over your head!"
Startled, the keeper lifted his arm,

"O do not crush it; give it me instead;
I'll stroke its wing
And make it sing;
I'll not do it any harm.

"O do not cover it with your hat
So I cannot see its bright wings shine.
You dare not take it away like that—
Give it to me! I will have it; it's mine!
I found it first. It flew in here
To dance for me when I was alone;
Then give it to me! I have no fear:
Though you're cruel in might
And I little and light—
I'll make you give me back my own!"

As she moved toward him with fierce intent,
Her small hands clutching, her eyes aflame,
She met his eyes deliberately bent
On hers. Relaxed her frame;
Her hands turned slowly as if to repel;
From his advancing step she slowly retreated;
Lower and lower the fair face fell—
Reason prevailed;
Before him she quailed
And sank against the wall, defeated.

Cruelly sneering, before her he stood:
"Pretty fool, with your empty head!
You don't want the May Bug! Good!
And hereafter you shall want for bread
If you dig any more such holes in the wall;
If you try any more of your tricks with me
I'll pitch you up and let you fall,
You silly thing,

And you'll feel a sting
Down where the May Bugs be."

He moved to the grating and looked below,
The maniac watching with fearing eyes
The patch of sunshine in brilliant glow
Still glancing about. Now look! it flies,
And lights again on the keeper's head,
As still he stands and looks below.
From the eyes of his charge all fear has fled,
The pupils dilate
In craftiness, hate,
And grow as bright as the very stars.

She will have it now, her heart's desire!
Her lithe form swaying, softly she goes;
Her eyes are lit with a fearful fire,
Lips and cheeks as red as a rose.
Her fingers are twitching eagerly,
Quivering nostrils, fluttering breath,
White teeth set, showing in glee—
Now she springs!
Back she brings
His grizzled hair her hand beneath.

"Insolence!" he roared with an oath, half hiss,
And sent her spinning against the stones.
"Do you dare, indeed? take this—and this—
Oh, I'll crack your little bones!"
Back she went with a smothered cry,
Then crouched as if she would dare the while
To seize his throat or scratch his eye.
Then instantly,
Sweet and shy,
Looked in his scowling face with a smile:

"O I wouldn't hurt you, you know;
  Hide and seek with the May Bug I wanted to play.
What makes you curse and strike me so?
  You are so unkind to me to-day.
Forgive me now and I'll be ever so good,
  Let's be friends again; what do you say?"
"Well, no smiles, no food;
        No more holes in the walls,
        Then no more falls."
  And he locked her in and went his way.

No more the sunbeam through the bars slid,
  And the maniac looked for the May Bug no more;
She thought in the keeper's hair 'twas hid—
  Hid under his hat forevermore.
Silently the girl would ponder,
  As a student whose mind some problem revolves;
And once in surprise the keeper found her
        Handling the grating,
        Fumbling and shaking
  With crafty face and firm resolve.

The keeper went and examined the place,
  The maniac watching with stealthy eyes
And wicked expression on her face;
  As the keeper turns the expression flies,
She nods her head and smiles at him,
  'Twas the cunning of the maniac.
Her actions no more gave cause for suspicion,
        She was submissive, still.
        The keeper said he'd broken her will,
  And his attention of her cell grew slack.

Long days she stood and looked from the cell,
  Treasured some autumn's drifted leaves;
They seemed of freedom beyond to tell—

And the hungry swallows under the eaves
With bits of her mouldy fare she fed.
But winter nights when the moon streamed in
She shrank away to a corner in dread.
'Twas a big watchful eye—
And with piteous cry
She drew her hair, hid her face therein.

But when the great, bright face was gone,
With nimble finger and eager will
Silently, patiently from the stone
She loosed the bars at the window sill.
One frosty night, when the heavens were dark,
The maniac escaped from the cell with a bound;
No light was visible, not even a spark,
And her figure so light
Like a ghost in the night
Swiftly, silently sped over the ground.

She came to the keeper's quarters at last,
A moment listened beside the door—
A broken nail in the lock she cast,
She turned the knob, glided over the floor.
Hush, hark! A wild cry smote the air!
Instantly from every maniac's cell
Came shrieks and snatches of boist'rous song,
Mingled with laughter and moans of despair;
Fearful cries, as of demons in hell;
Oaths and pleading,
Rising, receding
As voices gave vent to some fancied wrong.

Suddenly a woman came into the hall—
The keeper's wife from her husband's side:
"Help! help" was her alarming call;
"Monsieur Director, come quickly," she cried.

"My man has been murdered in his sleep.
  Some fearful being appeared at our bed—
I heard my man cry, I saw him leap—
        The strange thing passed
        Like a leaf in the blast
  And I saw my poor man fall back,—dead!"

Yes, 'twas true; the keeper was dead,
  His temple pierced by a broken nail;
A fine red scratch across his forehead
  As if something were snatched from the skin now pale.
Hastily the wardens made the rounds.
  Only one of all the maniacs slept.
She rubbed her eyes and looked around,
        Pushed back her hair
        With bewildered air,
  As a warden with lantern beside her stepped.

"All's right here," said this man so wise,
  As he looked at the grating all in form,
Then bent to the girl with questioning eyes.
  Her hand was closed, outstretched her arm.
"I have it!" she whispered, triumphantly.
  The other answered with smile and shrug,
"What have you, child? Show it to me."
        Her palm was bare,
        But she saw something there,
  "Look! I have it. It's mine, the May Bug!"

NO ROYAL ROAD TO VICTORY.

IRVING GLEN.

'TWAS a 'sperience meetin'. Brother Brown, the leader of the class,
Inquired: "Now, breddren, is you down, or goin' to hebben fas'?"
He sat. Assurance Jones arose, his 'sperience was as follows:
"Deah breddren, doan' you evah s'pose I'se down. Nevah! I'se allus
Goin' fastah eb'ry day. I'se in a rowboat strong.
Got oahs. Dey's good, too, eb'ry way. I'se skimmin' right along."
He'd scarce resumed his seat before old "Ease-in-Zion" Smith
Took his position on the floor; the following is the pith
Of his remarks: "I'se in a boat; it is a sailboat, dough;
I only steer. De breezes float me on; doan' hab ter row."
He ostentatiously sat down; "Dey can't beat dat," thought he.
"I'se goin' for a hebbenly crown beyond life's stormy sea;
But want no row nor sailboats roun', dey ain't no good ter me.
I'se on a steamboat safe an' soun'; jes' hummin' froo, I be."
And then good Brother Ego-Tist resigned place on the floor;
'Twas quickly ta'en, no time was missed, by Brother I-Know-More."
"Doan' wan' no boats at all in mine; doan' wan' no water rout'!
'Tain' safe; too apt to go a-flyin' headlong up de spout.
I'se on de Gospel Lightnin' 'spress, de bes' line an' de troo;
I'se got a ticket in my ves' wat carries me straight froo."
A moment's silence, then a voice was heard way down the aisle,
And good old Aunty Dinah Royce her 'sperience put on file.
She now is gone—answered the call of her beloved Lord:
"I doan' done cotch no ride at all, I'se walkin' by de Word.
I'se been a-walkin' many yeahs—I'se footsore an' I'se weak—
De Lord jes' quiets all my feahs, an' wif' my soul does speak.
I guess dey ain't no easy chair to tote me up to hebben,
So I mus' walk till I git dar, jes' plod right on, beliebin'."

She meekly sat her down amid the stares of all the class,
Save Leader Brown, whose light ne'er hid itself in any place.
With thoughtful scratch of scrubby chin, and lips pursed up full thick,
He "'lowed dat braggin' was a sin, an' Satan's sharpest trick."
Said he, "You on de rowboat dar' look out yo' oahs doan' break,
An' you wat's habin' sailin' cl'ar de storm may soon o'ertake.
Say, you dar, on de steamboat fine, doan' let yo' boilah bust;
You folks on de lightnin' line, doan' run off in de dust.
But if you *do* pull froo at las', froo dis worl' ob car',
As in de Golden City you pass Aunt Dinah will be dar."

THE SECRETS OF THE HEART.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"*Le cœur mène où il va.*"

SCENE.—A chalet covered with honeysuckle.

NINETTE. NINON.

NINETTE. This way.
NINON. No, this way.
NINETTE. This way, then.
[*They enter chalet.*]
You are as changing, child, as men.
NINON. But are they? Is it true, I mean?
Who said it?
NINETTE. Sister Seraphine.
She was so pious and so good,
With such sad eyes beneath her hood,
And such poor little feet—all bare!
Her name was Eugénie la Fère.
She used to tell us, moonlight nights,
When I was at the Carmelites,

NINON. Ah, then it must be right. And yet,
Suppose for once—suppose Ninette—
NINETTE. But what?
NINON. Suppose it were not so?
Suppose there *were* true men, you know!
NINETTE. And then?
NINON. Why,—if that could occur,
What kind of men should you prefer?
NINETTE. What looks, you mean?
NINON. Looks, voice and all.
NINETTE. Well, as to that, he must be tall,
Or say, not tall—of middle size;
And next, he must have laughing eyes,
And a hook-nose, with, underneath,
O! what a row of sparkling teeth!
NINON [*touching her cheek suspiciously*].
Has he a scar on this side?
NINETTE. Hush!
Someone is coming. No; a thrush;
I see it swinging there.
NINON. Go on,
NINETTE. Then he must fence (ah, look, 'tis gone!),
And dance like Monseigneur, and sing
"Love was a shepherd"—everything
That men do. Tell me yours, Ninon.
NINON. Shall I? Then mine has black, black hair,
I mean, he *should* have; then an air
Half sad, half noble; features thin;
A little *royale* on the chin;
And such a pale, high brow. And then,
He is a prince of gentlemen!
He, too, can ride and fence, and write
Sonnets and madrigals, yet fight
No worse for that—
NINETTE. I know your man.

NINON. And I know yours. But you'll not tell,—
Swear it!

NINETTE. I swear upon this fan,—
My grandmother's!

NINON. And I, I swear,
On this old turquoise *reliquaire*,
My great, great grandmother's!
[*After a pause.*] Ninette!
I feel so sad.

NINETTE. I, too. But why?

NINON. Alas, I know not!

NINETTE [*with a sigh*]. Nor do I.

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

HELEN A. GREGG.

I WAS busily engaged the other day in writing an article upon a deep philosophical subject when my wife came in and said: "Fred, dear, I am sorry to disturb you, but will you ring up 3446 for me? I have something very important to tell Mrs. Jameson."

I have noticed that women dislike to ring up the "Central," so I stepped to the 'phone.

"Hello! 3446 please,—yes—yes—no—3446. 3—4—4—6. Yes; all right. Hello! Is this 3446? Yes? Wait a minute, please."

I handed the 'phone to my wife, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello! Yes—is this you, Mrs. Jameson? Yes? Good morning. What? I said good morning. No, I am not mourning about anything; what made you think so? Ah, I said *good* morning, pleasant day. Yes, it is hard to hear. Suppose you come a little nearer—there—no—a little farther away—yes—that is better. Now I can hear perfectly. What did you say? Have I my spring

hatchet? Why, I don't understand you. Oh, dear me, how funny —have I my spring hat yet! Yes, and the bill—well, no—said it was a good deal for so little. Oh, no, not at all. He is writing, and it doesn't bother him a bit.

"Visitors—oh, you poor dear! We always boil ours; they look so well served with parsley, and if you have a good many, keep them on ice and serve for a luncheon dish—I always use a hair-pin—I put them on bias, and they never know, no, not until they cut their teeth. Oh, yes, the children. I always soak mine in a strong brine over night, then scald them up in hot vinegar and set them away in jars, with a flat iron on top of the cover and they won't give you any more trouble. What? Oh, dear! how funny! I thought you said pickles. (Oh, Fred, did you hear that!)

"Are you going to Mrs. Blair's reception this afternoon? Yes, oh, yes, do go. I'll call for you—what? Yes, four o'clock. All right—good-bye—yes—good-bye. Oh, Mrs. Jameson—what are you going to wear? Green—why, no—I think it is very becoming. Yes, yes—good-bye—yes—oh, no—good-bye—good-bye!

"Oh, dear, how it does make my arm ache to telephone! Fred, dear, I hope I have not disturbed you."

THE JESTER.

THE Princess was queenly and fair in the face,
And she was the last of a royal race.
From far and near came her suitors proud,
But she looked at none in that goodly crowd.

Nineteen summers had passed away,
And she knew nothing of love's sweet sway;
Nor prince, nor knight, nor gentle squire
Could light in her breast the sacred fire.

"It were best for the people that thou shouldst wed
And raise up princes," the greybeards said.

But no man moved that heart of stone,
And the Princess lived and ruled alone.

Yet, oft to herself she whispered low:
"A time will come, be time swift or slow,
When my heart to its master must outward go.
Never a man have I seen as yet
That could fill my heart with love's regret.

"All men bow in my presence the knee,
But he who weds me my king must be;
And him will I serve each hour and day,
And own myself conquered by love's sweet sway.

"For love is worth nor title nor jot,
If the husband no power to rule has got!"
She sat in her palace one sweet spring day,
And idled the afternoon hours away.

She called to a maiden who lingered there:
"Go fetch me the jester, Dagobert."
The jester came with his serious face,
And a shadow fell in the sunlit place.

Mis-shapen, and stunted, and crabbed was he;
As sorry a jester as well could be!
His great head fell on his pointed chest,
And a grievous hump on his shoulders prest;

His small eyes gleamed through his shaggy hair;
Such was the jester, Dagobert.
The Princess beckoned him near her feet,
But her glance knew nothing of pity sweet:

"Thou art a man of ready wit:
Come tell me the reason and meaning of it.
Oft I have said that no man's power
Hath rested on me a single hour,

"And yet, for three days past, my soul
Hath felt the might of a man's control."
What sound was that in the perfumed air?
A sigh from the jester, Dagobert.

"Speak, my Princess, and tell me all,
Who holds thy heart at his beck and call?"
"Neither his name nor his race I know
Nor who is he that enthralls me so."

"Strange, my Princess, thy story seems,
Is it some creature of maiden dreams?"
"Nay, but for three nights past my ears
Have heard a voice that can move my tears."

What was it that stirred the silent air?
A sigh from the jester, Dagobert.
"Where, my Princess, was this strange thing?
And whence did he come for thy pleasure to sing?"

"Where or whence I little know;
But my heart keeps saying: 'I love him so!'
Three nights past he has sung beneath
My window of love that will last till death.

"His voice is the voice of man so brave,
That I would follow him to his grave.
He sings of war and of mighty deeds;
And under it all his own love pleads,

"And I—I listen, and long to reply,
'I love thee, I love thee until I die!'"
What was that in the heavy air?
A groan from the jester, Dagobert.

"Thou art a man of ready wit,
Come, tell me the meaning and reason of it."

In the jester's eyes there lurked a flame,
And he bit his lip till the red blood came.

His body shivered, and underneath
The unkempt beard he ground his teeth;
And sudden he answered: "A fool's poor wit
Can see no meaning or reason in it.

"Find the meaning thyself, nor try
To coax love nonsense from such as I."
Over her face flashed the angry blood,
And she struck the jester where he stood.

At the touch of her fingers he shivered again;
But it was not the blow that caused the pain.
"Go," she cried, "to thy bells and cap!
What knowest thou of love's sweet hap?

"What love is and what love can be,
Is all unguessed by a thing like thee.
How shouldst thou, in thy ugliness,
Ever the might of love confess?

"Love is for those that are fair and free,
Not for mis-shapen things like thee!"
He shrank away to his chattering ape,
A poor, ill-favored, and fearful shape.

He leaned his head on his hands and knew
That the cruel words were more than true.
And the only sounds in the silent air
Were the sighs of the jester, Dagobert.

The Princess stood at her window that night;
There was no light there but the pale starlight.
Far below, in the evening breeze,
She heard the rustle of moving trees.

Sudden a voice through the silence rang;
Of love that will last till death it sang.
And all through the wonderful ebb and flow
A voice repeated: "I love thee so."

She leaned through the casement and closed her eyes,
And fancied her soul in Paradise.
And sudden the song died out, and her ears
Caught the sobs of one in a passion of tears!

The Princess sat on her father's throne,
And looked on the halls that were all her own.
Each was filled with a moving throng
Of courtiers threading their way along;

Lord and lady of high degree
Were there in their pride and their bravery.
And the Princess was decked with jewels rare,
And she was the fairest woman there.

She rose from her throne, and the voices hushe l,
And her dark eye gleamed and her fair face flushed,
And her beauty increased and grew, no less
Because of her maidenly bashfulness.

Then to the greybeards 'round she said:
"Oft ye have told me that I must wed;
But never yet came across my way
A man who could hold my heart in sway.

"Yet now I would have you all to know
That my heart to its master must outward go.
Four nights now 'neath my palace wall
I have heard a voice and have felt its thrall.

"And, O if the singer among you be,
Let him come forth and marry me!"
Silence fell on the wondering crowd,

As they gazed at the Princess fair and proud,
Whose heart by the power of love was bowed.

But no voice answered from out the throng
In the tones that had chanted that witching song.
"O let him speak;" she cried, "for lo!
He has chained my heart, and I love him so!"

She stood with her hand stretched out so fair,
And looked for his coming to claim her there.
And sudden there rose a strange, fierce cry
From the dais behind her—"It was I!"

And out there stepped from the sheltering chair
The humpbacked jester, Dagobert!
Then a voice arose in the wondering hall,
That was full of jibe in its mocking call;
"Sing us the song that can so enthrall!"

And into the midst of the perfumed air,
Soared the voice of the jester, Dagobert.
It told of the years of sorrow and pain,
And the ceaseless thoughts of the scheming brain;

It told of the love that breathed and burned
In the shapeless body by all men spurned;
It told how the heart was brave and true
To the love and passion that in it grew;

And because of its passionate, fierce regret,
The eyes of many with tears were wet.
It ceased and the jester raised his face
And looked at the Princess of noble race.

Would she remember his pain and woe
And come to his side with, "I love thee so?"
She turned away with a glance of scorn;
And the hunchback's love died out at its dawn.

But suddenly springing he caught her hand;
"I was the king that could thee command!"
And for one brief moment of passionate bliss,
He pressed her hands with a burning kiss.

Swords flashed out in the courtier crowd,
And the murmurs of hate were fierce and loud.
"He dies, the varlet! Ho, draw him apart!"
But he drove his dagger right through his own heart.

And ere they could reach him the life was fled
From the shapeless body and the shaggy head.
Out into the starlight, pure and fair,
Passed the soul of the jester, Dagobert.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

WE didn't have much of a Christmas
My papa and Rosie and me,
For mamma'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ners' tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day
To help at the great turkey dinner,
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies
With a "beautiful objeck," they say,
'Tis to go among poor, lonesome children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And auntie, you don't know my auntie?
She's my own papa's half sister Kate,
She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
'Till 'twas,—oh, sometimes *dreadfully* late,
For she pities the poor, worn-out curate;
His burdens, she says, are so great;

So she 'ranges the flowers and the music,
  And he goes home around by our gate.
I should think this way must be the longest,
  But, then, I suppose he knows best.
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid;
  And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey
  And had it sent home Christmas eve
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it,—
  You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin,
  (He doesn't look like her one bit)
She says she belongs to a "union"
  And the union won't let her submit.
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
  And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went downstairs to the pantry
  To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
  Then he thought that he didn't quite dare
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
  There was dampness and chills in the air.
Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome!
  And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
  And all the sweet roses—the tea
And the red ones,—and ferns and carnations
  That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison,
  To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
  Rose and me on our papa's two knees,

And we counted the dear little birdies
  That were hopping about on the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow;
  But I thought I would rather, by far,
Be a robin that flies away winters
  Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
And papa wished he was a jail bird,
  'Cause he thought that they fared the best;
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
  For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers,—
  "Dear God, we've been lonesome to-day,
For mamma, aunt, Ethel and Bridget
  Every one of them all went away.
Won't you please make a club, or society,
  'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philanterpists' fam'lies,
  Like papa and Rosie and me?"
And I think that my papa's grown pious,
  For he listened as still as a mouse
Till I got to "Amen"—then *he* said it
  So it sounded all over the house.

ABOUT CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE fiver's spread upon the plate, its right side up with care,
  So's all the people on the aisle will surely know it's there.
The two is folded over once, but still is well in view,
And shows its figure every time, especially if it's new.
The dollar bill is crumpled up, which makes it hard to tell
The bill's denomination, but the donor knows it well.
The quarter's dropped with nonchalance, and makes a pleasant sound;
But causes not a smile to cross the deacon's face profound.
The humble cent is dropped with care, and rolls into its place,
And then a look of sheepishness o'erspreads the giver's face.

A JOURNEY TO WHAT'S ITS NAME.

MONOLOGUE FOR A MAN.

[*Enter a traveler, hastily.*]

EXCUSE me, ladies and gentlemen, if I am late. It's because I have only this moment arrived from a journey, a delightful little journey! Only fancy, a village—no, a town, and quite a large town, too, only an hour, or possibly two hours—or at the outside three hours—from here. I'm not perfectly sure of the distance, because I forgot to look at my watch when we started and when we arrived, and I slept most of the way. In the first place, I went on business—but there, that won't interest you. I took my small valise, for if I take anything more in the way of baggage I am always sure to forget it and leave it behind me at the station or somewhere on the way; while my little valise I can keep in my hand and I never forget it. I get into the car, I get out, and, as you see, I never lose sight of it. [*Looks in blank amazement first at his empty hand and then at audience.*] This is the first time such a thing ever happened to me! Oh, I must have left it at the station; I'll go at once and look it up. It will be easy enough to find a leather valise—no, it's made of a sort of canvas. It has a great many nails round the edge; I shall be sure to find it. It must be at the station; the people there will be sure to remember me. It was the Grand Central—no, it was the Mott Haven—no, the West Shore—I don't know which it was. Anyway, the station that I mean is at the end of a wide street where there are always a great many carriages. It's frightful to think how many carriages pass through that street! No matter, I shall remember the name directly. I must, you know, hunt up my valise. [*Looks at empty hand.*] I assure you that it's the very first time such a thing ever happened to me!

As I was saying, I went to the—never mind what station, and the train started. It is very pretty in that part of the country. All

along the road it must have been very pretty, but I fell asleep after we passed the first station. The first stop is—oh, I remember that name—it was something ville. That will help me to find the station. Oh, if you're fond of traveling you must go there! I slept. To be sure, I heard the brakeman call out all sorts of names ending in ville and burg and bury. I have no memory for names, but of course you know, I remembered the name of the place where I was going. It was—now what was that name? It's right on the end of my tongue. It's such a pretty place! Well, no matter, I'll tell it to you directly. So when we got there, I waked up and got out of the train. Oh! you ought to go there, it's very picturesque. The station, you know, is very much like all stations, and yet it's very nice. There's a sort of shed made of wood, painted, all open on the side next the track. There's a bench around it inside, and then there are posters and placards of every color of the rainbow; you've seen them, I suppose? Red posters, blue posters, green posters and yellow; it had a very pretty effect.

There's a little omnibus, that runs to the town which is quite a distance away. Oh, how amusing it is to travel, particularly to that place! Only fancy, I sat in the omnibus and looked out at the landscape—it's very picturesque about there. On the right, there are fields, fields of—barley—wheat—or oats, I don't know anything about plants. I leave all that to the farmers. Now, there *are* people who look at a field of grass and then they tell you—That's barley, that's oats, or that's clover. For my part, I know nothing about it. However, it was very effective; it was very picturesque. And then the omnibus went along a road, a road like any other—but not quite like every other. There was a house on the right, a little white house with green blinds. You have no idea how pretty green blinds look on a white house! On the left—let me see—oh, yes! I can see it now—on the left there were more fields, more fields of barley. These fields on the right, and fields on the left, all that barley, were very pretty, they were very picturesque, I assure you.

The omnibus puts you down in front of the hotel, the best hotel in the place. It's called the—the Golden Sun, was it? Or was it

the Golden Lion? no—well, it was the Golden something. I'm sure there was another hotel close by, the Golden something, too; but you must go to the one I'm telling you about, for that's the best. You can't help knowing which it is; be sure you go there and tell them I sent you. The people who keep it are very friendly and kind. I didn't have to think of anything. They gave me a room right away, on the first floor—or perhaps it was on the second, I've forgotten. If you go there ask them to let you have that room. It was No. 7—no, No. 3—or no, I don't remember what it was; but they will let you have it—they are so friendly and kind. It was a very neat, nice room. The chambermaid took my valise (it's a pity that I forgot it; I shall have to go and look it up directly). She was not bad looking — the chambermaid. She said so politely, "Good-morning, sir, have you had a comfortable journey?" and what eyes! But do you know, I can't remember whether her eyes were blue, or black, or green. I never notice the color of a person's eyes. Now there *are* people who will tell you—That lady is tall, or short; she has fair hair, or dark hair. What difference does it make, so long as she is pretty? I never remember all those details.

You must be sure and ask for that room when you go there. It was so neat! It had a bed with white curtains; and then there were white curtains at the window. There was a table and two—no, three chairs, Oh! and there was an arm-chair besides. To be sure, the arm-chair was rather hard; but when you are traveling you mustn't be so particular as all that. The chambermaid opened the window—she was not at all bad looking, that chambermaid. She opened the window to let in a little fresh air.

There was a very pretty view; It looks out on the main street. It's directly opposite the Commercial Restaurant—no, the Union—no, I think it was the National Restaurant. It's the best restaurant in the place. I went over there before dinner; there was quite a crowd. You'll be sure to know it—it has a billiard table! It was a good place to see the customs of the country, to study costumes. There were some people there in shirt sleeves and overalls, and others in frock coats. They dress rather queerly in that part of the

country. But, on the whole, they dress very well. They are very nice people. I heard them talking business; they talk well. They talked about—why, dear me! you know—about the price of grain, of hay, about buying and selling cattle, calves and oxen, and the rate of interest. There was one fat fellow in his shirt sleeves with a whip. I fancy he was a horse dealer, because I heard him say: "Now, when I buy a horse, I like it to be a horse; for if it's not a horse—I like a horse!" I tell you it's a very pretty little place. You ought to go there.

Afterward, I dined at the hotel, at the table-d'hôte. Perhaps you don't know what a table-d'hôte is? It's a very queer thing, especially that one. When you go there, be sure to try it, and tell them I sent you. It's a table in the middle of a long dining-room, an oblong table—no, I think the one I mean is round, or else oval; but no matter, it's all the same; I can eat just as well off a square table as I can off a round one. There were some very nice people at the table, people who came from—well, *you* know, from the principal town in the neighborhood. I can't remember what we had to eat! There were soup and meat. No matter! It was all very good. The people argued, you know what—about—what was it? Well, I've forgotten. I only remember that the man who sat opposite me thought that I didn't agree with him, so he stopped talking, and put his nose down into his plate and ate, and ate!

The discussion waxed warm toward the last. I should like to have stayed, but the omnibus came to take me back to the station, and I had to go immediately. You know, business—no matter! that doesn't interest you. I had eaten rather fast. I was so sleepy, and I made myself extremely comfortable, I can tell you, as soon as I got into the car. On my return, only fancy, I fell asleep in the very same car that I went out in. [*Takes out watch.*] Why, it's half-past—oh! I don't know half-past what. My watch keeps capital time, but it has only one hand, the big hand, for the minutes. All the same, I've only just time to go and hunt up my valise. But how am I ever going to find the right station? Oh! I'll ask the coachman; and if I give him a good fee [*feels in pocket*]—why,

where's my purse? It must be in my valise! No matter; if you hear anything of a leather valise—no, canvas, with a great many nails, oh, a great many nails, write to me—confound it! I've forgotten the number and the name of the street! But no matter, write to me. I'm very well known in that part of the city. [*Goes out, then comes back.*] Be sure to put my full name on, because I have a neighbor of the same name!

THE HERO OF THE RANK AND FILE.

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

ACROSS the pleasant valley our royal ranks their lines displayed,
Our flanks locked by the mountains, the centre was our old brigade;
Our battle-banners shaken, as lions shake their tawny manes,
Our bugles clearly flinging defiance down the sanguined plains,
Our steady rifle music, our pauseful cannons' deep-toned roar,
Our heart cheers, grand, unbroken, which thrilled on victor-fields galore,
Had drawn their fire upon us from brazen-throated guns, the while
Like lions came their legions to crush and rend us rank and file.

As rolled the storm-lashed ocean upon some iron-fronted shore,
Where wild waves, white with fury, are tumbled back with baffled roar,
So rolled upon our columns, their living waves of fierce attack;
So, white with baffled fury, their seething ranks were tumbled back.
But on they came, as countless as waves upon the angered sea,
As though their endless legions rose upward from infinity;
Their columns' awful grandeur stretched out before us, mile on mile,
As they roared and rolled upon us to overwhelm us rank and file.

We failed as melts the iron within the furnace' fiery breath;
Our ranks were crunched and broken within the iron jaws of death,

Our standard-bearers lying beside their banners where they fell,
White panic, wraith of carnage, had risen, wild and blanched, from hell.
Caught up by dire confusion, we waver, pause, then turn to fly—
Oh, God! the black dishonor! like hunted hinds that fleeing die!
The proud, exultant foeman will tell his sons, with scornful smile,
How his gallant Southern legions had smote and clove us, rank and file.

Our General's charger, roweled, is plunging madly midst the crowd,
Our General's self transfigured, with voice of trumpet cries aloud:
"Oh, black and damned treason, shall the glory of a hundred fields
Die out in such dishonor? Your General neither flies nor yields!"
From out the tangled rabble a soldier bounded to his side,
Grasped up a fallen banner, ragged, rent and crimson-dyed,
And shook it proudly o'er him—"The foe shall never clutch thee while
There lives to bear and guard thee a soldier of the rank and file!"

Oh, power of high example! That banner-bearer captures flight!
We pause, we cheer, we rally, we charge the foe from left to right
Into their belching cannon, through their walls of glowing steel;
Naught can stem or stay our madness—see the exultant victors reel!
They 're not beaten, they are broken—broken by resistless power;
'Twas the soldier's inspiration lit the gloom of that dark hour!
The land rang with the story, pæans rolled thro' nave and aisle,
But no one sung the soldier, the hero of the rank and file.

He had fallen in the carnage, and his glorious spirit fled—
Naught was left to know or mark him from the undistinguished dead.
Our General was crowned and feted, blazoned on the rolls of fame;
He was tossed into the trenches—we never even knew his name!
But often round our camp-fires, in the watches of the night,
We praised the banner-bearer who had perished in that fight.
With us he gained promotion, gained it without fraud or wile,
And we named the unrewarded the hero of the rank and file!

What is't to face red danger with all the high earth looking on,
With fame and all her minions, to blow our valor to the sun?
But daring death for duty, not an eye to note or cheer,
To know our simple valor will never smite the public ear,
Needs a soul of innate greatness, soul that thirsts for grand emprise,
That feeds on more than glory or guerdon of approving eyes.
Such was he who burst upon us and lit the gloom a little while,
Then sank again to darkness, the hero of the rank and file!

A RECEIPT FOR A RACKET.

M. E. B.

WHAT does it take to make a racket?
Well, bless me, I certainly ought to know,
For I've made them a score of times or so!
Here's the receipt—and I can't be wrong—
For making them hot and sweet and strong!
What does it take to make a racket?
Two small boys in pants and jacket;
An empty room and a bare wood floor;
A couple of sticks to bang the door;
A chair or two to break and to swing;
A trumpet to blow and a bell to ring;
A stamp and a tramp like a great big man;
And, when you can get it, an old tin pan;
A flight of stairs for a climb and a tumble;
A nursery maid to growl and grumble;
A chorus of howl and cry and shriek
To drown your voice if you try to speak;
A dozen good blows on knees and back,
Each one coming down with a terrible whack;
A couple of falls that would crack a nut,
And one good bump on your occiput;

A rush and a scurry, a tear and a clatter,
A mamma to cry "Now, what is the matter?"
And take these, and shake these, and put in a packet,
And you'll have just the jolliest kind of a racket!
Of course I am bound to confess
You can manage to make it with less,
(For this is a regular rich receipt,
For pudding and sauce and all complete),
And still have a very good show
If you follow directions below,
You can leave out the room and the floor,
The bumps and the bangs on the door;
The bell and the sticks and the stairs;
The trumpets, the howls and the chairs;
The whack and the fall and the rise;
The shrieks and the groans and the cries;
Mamma and the pan and the tramp,
The nurse and the growl and the stamp,—
But one thing you must have, however you get it;
Or else, if you don't, you will surely regret it—
For remember my words—if you happen to lack it
You never can have the least bit of a racket—
And that is, two small boys in pants and in jacket!

THE LAST NIGHT.

VIRNA WOODS.

WITHOUT, the snow fell softly on the street,
And hushed the sound of footfalls; while the wind
Shuddered and moaned and shrilled and moaned again.
Within, one shrank against the sombre walls
Of his low cell and shivered with the wind.
The birth-night of the Saviour! Well he knew

What night it was; and on the morrow—God!
That face again—the white face he had struck
Down in his madness, looked at him once more
With its accusing eyes; a red stream flowed
Over its whiteness, a slow agony
Lived in the eyes that fastened on his own.
Farther he shrank, and still the phantom face
Drew near and nearer; and he fell and hid
His eyes; prone on the pavement of his cell,
His forehead cold against th' unyielding stone,
He saw the face no more; but in its stead,
An awful vision—for himself he saw
Ascend the scaffold, and the hangman near
Make ready. Swooning, to his knees he rose,
And cried, "Oh, God! be merciful to me!"
The face, the scaffold, and the cell were swept
Out of his sight; it seemed as though he slept,
And in his sleep he saw a single star.
He saw and rose and followed from afar;
Through the still night he followed and at day
Came to the manger, where an infant lay,
And wise men worshipped; with the wise men he
Drew near the infant Lord and bowed the knee.
The captive woke and shivered: "Not for me
He came," he sighed; when in his cell a voice
Said, "Not to call the righteous did He come,
But sinners to repentance." Then once more
The veil of sleep; and softly from its mists
Another scene.
The dreamer's spirit went
To a strange city of the Orient.
He saw the multitudes upon the street,
He heard the ceaseless sound of sandalled feet.
And lo! One mingled with the human stream,
His face serene, His robe without a seam.

Sudden the crowd, tumultuous with fear,
Swayed back, and swift a shapeless form drew near,
Falling and crying to the One serene:
"Lord, if Thou wilt, Lord, Thou canst make me clean."
The Saviour stretched His hand and made him whole.
"Lord!" cried the dreamer, "heal my leprous soul!"

The vision faded and the dreamer slept;
But lo! he harkened, for the Saviour wept,
Standing beside the tomb where Lazarus lay;
At His command they rolled the stone away.
Silent the throng; no man among them stirred,
Breathless and waiting for the Master's word.
"Come forth," He cried aloud, and at the sound,
The dead arose, still in the grave-clothes bound.

"Oh, Lord!" the dreamer prayed, "my spirit dies;
Speak, that from sin and death it may arise!"

And lo! he saw no more the empty tomb
And Lazarus; a splendor filled the room,
And in the midst, the Lord's transfigured face,
Sudden a dark cloud rested on the place;
A voice fell through the mists and shadows dim,
"This is my Son beloved, hear thou Him."
"Lord, I believe," the dreamer cried; and slow
The light went out; the wind still sobbed and moaned,
And still the snow fell softly on the street.

Within, the prison cell was glorified;
And see! the mount, the cross where Jesus died;
His pierced hands, and on His brow the crown
Of plaited thorns, the calm eyes looking down
On mocking soldiers and the surging crowd;
The voice that blessed the people called aloud,
"Father, forgive them," while they rent His coat;

Above His head the writing that they wrote,
"King of the Jews," to mock Him; either side,
A thief upon a cross was crucified.
"Why saves He not Himself," the people said,
"This man that healed the sick and raised the dead?"
But one, the thief that hung upon the tree,
Turned to Him, saying, "Lord, remember me!"
The dreamer echoed, "Lord, remember me!"
And Jesus answered, "I say unto thee,
To-day be thou with me in Paradise."
The vision faded from the fading eyes;
The splendor vanished from the silent place,
And only rested on the dead man's face.

MICKEY COACHES HIS FATHER.

ERNEST JARROLD.

"I'M thinkin'," said Mr. Finn to his son Mickey, as they sat on the back stoop after supper, "that I'll be givin' up workin' in the quarry an' thry me hand at brain work."

"Figgerin'?"

"Figgerin' or writin'. Now, you have no knowledge, Mickey—fwhat kind o' sums would I have to be doin' if I got the job o' s'aler o' woights an' measures?"

"It's the sums ye'd have to be doin' afore ye got the job as 'ud bother ye, father. Shure the civil sarvice min 'ud be axin' ye questions that the schoolmaster couldn't answer."

"Musha, I didn't know that, me b'y. Fwhat's the civil sarvice min, anyhow?"

"They're min as is paid by the prisidint fur axin' foolish questions," replied little Mike, "an' I have a buke in the house as has a lot o' the questions in. If ye'll come inside I'll l'arn thim to ye."

Mr. Finn arose with alacrity, lit the lamp and placed it upon the

table. Then he lit his pipe and waited impatiently while his son hunted up a book on natural phenomena he had procured from the school library. While Mickey leafed through the book, Mr. Finn said:

"Now, you tache me the questions be heart, an' ye'll not be sorry whin I get the job."

"Why don't the dust fly be night?" said Mickey, from the chapter on "Dew."

"Faix, it do," replied Mr. Finn, "only ye can't see it—bekase o' the dark."

"Yer wrong. That's not the rayson in the buke."

"Fwhat does the buke say?"

"Bekase the dew makes the dust wet an' kapes it from risin'," answered the boy.

"That's raysonable. I dunno how is this I didn't think of it afore. Begorra, I have it down on me moind agin the time the civil sarvice min 'll be axin' me the question."

"Why will a dewdrop roll on a cabbage leaf widout makin' the cabbage wet?" continued little Mike.

Mr. Finn was puzzled. He passed his hand over his forehead to collect his thoughts. "Musha, that's thrue fur ye, Mickey. I often seen it meself. I haven't that much knowledge as 'ud fill yer mother's thimble. Is it bekase the dewdrop is round?"

Mickey shook his head. "Do ye give it up? Bekase the leaves o' cabbage are covered with a fine powdher over which the dewdrop rolls without wettin' the leaves."

"Dear, dear, an' is all that in the little buke?"

"Faith, it is, an' more."

"But fwhat has thim to do wid the woights in a store, Mickey?" inquired Mr. Finn.

"Ye'll have to be axin' the prisidint, if it's knowledge ye're wantin' about that," replied the boy, as he turned to the book and resumed the lesson. But Mike's resort to the book in this instance was only seeming. He had determined to ask some questions from his own knowledge of natural science.

"Fwhat makes the foam on a growler o' beer?"

"Oh, ho, I have ye thare, me laddy," said Mr. Finn, with a smile and a wise nod. "I have ye thare, me b'y. I could answer that wid me eyes shut."

"Well, father," said Mickey, "fwhat is it?"

"It's just this an' no more," said the elder Finn, wagging his index finger in his son's direction. "It's bekase whin Jack Brady draws the beer he holds the pail far down from the spigot so thare'll be more bubbles nor liquor."

"Ye're wrong, father; that's not fwhat the buke says."

"Arrah, to blazes wid the buke, b'y! Didn't I see it wid me two eyes, an' wouldn't a man believe his eyes afore an ould buke? Eyes is better nor bukes, me lad. Didn't I see Jack holdin' the pail close up to the spigot an' thare'll be a foine pint fur 8 cints an' divil's the bubble ye'd see. Arrah, don't be talkin'! When I know a thing I know it, sonny, an' small fear but fwhat I'll spake me moind. Tell us fwhat the buke says, just for divarshun."

"F-i-r—fir—m-i-n—min—t-a—ta—t-i-o-n—shun, firmintation," read Mike.

"An' fwhat's that?"

"It is a change," said Mickey, "effected in the elements of a body made of car-bon, hydro-gin, an' oxy-gin."

"That must be Frinch ye're readin', Mickey," said his father. "Thare's ne'er a wan o' thim things in beer. Faix, oxy-gin an' hydro-gin is new kinds intoirely. I heerd tell o' Old Tom gin an' London Dock gin, an' tasted thim, too, fur that matther, but divil's the word did I iver hear o' thim other kinds. Begorra, yer ould buke is no good, Mickey. Beer is made from malt an' hops, an' divil a pinch o' firmintation or oxy-gin or hydro-gin is thare in it at all, at all. L'arnin' is makin' ye looney, me b'y."

"Father, yer wrong. Thim things I spoke of is gas. They're pizen. An' thare's another kind o' gas in beer, too. It's called carbonic acid gas. It's that pizen that a little of it'll kill ye deader nor a salt mackerel. In the island o' Javy is a valley, where thare's that much carbonic acid gas that the grass is kilt, an' ne'er a dog, or a

cat, or anything can live thare. If ye throw a dog in the valley he'll be dead in fourteen seconds, an' whin the birds fly over the valley they drop down dead into it. It is called the pizen valley, an' the stuff in that valley is in beer, an' gives it that pleasant taste on yer tongue that makes ye smack yer lips whin ye're drinkin' it."

The next morning Mr. Finn went down to the village to undergo an examination for the position of sealer of weights and measures. When his turn came the examiner said, turning to Mr. Finn:

"Now, Mr. Finn, how many weights does a grocer use in business?"

Mr. Finn scratched his head and looked wild.

"Faith, sir," said he, "I can tell ye all about dew, an' beer-foam, an' goats, but nothin' at all about woights. I heerd it was civil sarvice min ye were, but shure, I'll tell ye straight, it's mighty uncivil min I find ye to be."

THE YEAR'S TWELVE CHILDREN.

JANUARY, worn and gray,
Like an old pilgrim by the way,
Watches the snow, and shivering, sighs,
As the wild curlew round him flies;
Or, huddled underneath a thorn,
Sits praying for the lingering morn.

February, bluff and bold,
O'er furrows striding, scorns the cold;
And with horses, two abreast,
Makes the keen plough do its best.

Rough March comes blustering down the road,
In his wrath-hand the oxen's goad;
Or, with a rough and angry haste,
Scatters the seed o'er the dark waste.

April, a child, half tears, half smiles,
Trips full of little playful wiles;
And laughing 'neath her rainbow hood,
Seeks the wild violet in the wood.

May, the bright maiden, singing goes,
Each day from early morn to evening's close.
Watching the lambs leap in the dell,
List'ning to the simple village bell.

June, with the mower's scarlet face,
Moves over the clover field apace,
And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on
O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.

July, the farmer, happy fellow,
Laughs to see the corn grow yellow;
The heavy grain he tosses up
From his right hand as from a cup.

August, the reaper, cleaves his way
Through golden waves at break of day;
Or, on his wagon piled with corn,
At sunset, home is proudly borne.

September, with his braying hound,
Leaps fence and pale at every bound;
And casts into the wind in scorn
All cares and danger from his horn.

October comes, a woodman old,
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;
Round swings his sturdy ax, and lo!
A fir-branch falls at every blow.

November cowers before the flame,
Bleared crone, forgetting her own name;

Watches the blue smoke curling rise,
And broods upon old memories.

December, fat and rosy, strides,
His old heart warm, well clothed his sides,
With kindly word for young and old,
The cheerier for the bracing cold;
Laughing a welcome, open flings
His doors, and as he does it sings.

A COLUMBIAN LEGEND.

WALT MASON.

COLUMBUS, on his rolling bark, surveyed the distant land.
He looked across the waters dark, a spy-glass in his hand.
"Odds, death!" quoth he, "the view is plain—
The rocks rise towering from the main,
And yet those words I've tried in vain
To read and understand."

Then up an ancient sailor rose, who'd sailed on every sea,
Had met the Greek and Tartar foes and those of Tuscany:
Had heard the bells of Antwerp rung;
Had heard the Tyrol pæans sung,
And he had spoken every tongue
That in the world might be.

He scanned the distant rocks and sighed to see a legend there
Which had the captain's skill defied—then sat him down to swear.
He sank as one who's in a swound,
The while the sailors crowded round;
"The legend says"—the words were ground
Between his teeth with hissing sound—

"TRY GOOSE GREASE FOR THE HAIR."

THE GUEST.

HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii., 20.

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark I heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying, sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp,
Light the fire, and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock:
"Enter, I have turned the key;
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair look his place,
But I could not see his face.
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo, my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!

THE QUAKER BOY.

BRUMMELL JONES.

[It is a fact that the body of dead soldiers have been found exactly in the position in which death came to them. The intense nervous strain and the marked rigidity of the muscles while in battle may account for this phenomenom. I do not even know how death came to my hero, but I am disposed to think that he was not shot but died from rupture of the heart. Now for a queer thing in a scribbler's life,—I know that my old comrade is to-day a Quaker farmer tilling his little patch of ground among the quiet hills of North Carolina, not even dreaming that he was ever a brave man and deserving the cross of the Legion of Honor; yet to me he is still standing by the edge of the ditch on the field of "Fair Oaks," with his "ashen pale face, and his dull, immovable eyes staring along the barrel of the rifle."—B. J.]

"ON the right by file into line! Forward! Charge bayonet!" From the front, a solid sheet of flame; from the hill on the left, a battery enfilade. Shot and shell, shot and shell crashing through the trees. Far ahead is the gallant colonel on his bay; he reels, throws up his hands, and the maddened brute turns and dashes through the line. Men fall like leaves, but not a shot is returned.

"On! Forward!"

Ten thousand bayonets gleam; the sheet of flame fades, the enemy wavers, a triumphant yell. Now for the battery.

"Left wheel; double quick! charge! On, on, up the hill and at them! Halt! Lie down!"

No need for "Halt" on the brink of hell. A wide ditch, half filled with water; beyond, the belching battery. A trumpet-blast cannot be heard in that roar and din; a cyclone sweeps the wood. Boom, boom, whir—r; trees fly like wands. Along the crouching line one form alone is seen—Ben May, the Quaker conscript boy, stands erect on the edge of the ditch. No torture had been able to make him bear a gun—he has a Winchester rifle now.

"Lie down, fool, lie down!"

Boom, boom! Is the boy an automaton? To the shoulder—a

flash; to the side a new shell; to the shoulder a flash—at every flash, a rammer falls. The gunners work like puppets.

"Cartridge! Ram! Away!"—boom. "Cartridge! Ram!"—the rammer drops. "Cartridge! Ram!" The shell is untouched in the muzzle of the gun. Only five guns manned now. The gunners no longer see the crouching, trembling line, but the automaton. A comrade at his feet passes up a cartridge-belt. To the hip, to the shoulder, up—down; up—like a trip hammer it goes. It means death to touch a rammer now. A gunner darts to the rear—another and another. A dozen only are left; dusk is falling; they give one startled look at the rifleman, shriek and flee. The regiment closes around him.

"Three cheers for Ben May! Routed a whole battery! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

He no longer fires, nor looses a shell. Up and down—up and down; hip to shoulder, shoulder to hip. U—p, d-o-w-n——up. The body is rigid, the face is ashen pale, and dull, immovable eyes stare along the barrel of the rifle.

"Surgeon! surgeon! speak to him! help him! He's in a spasm,—my God, he's mad!"

"He is dead!" said the surgeon.

BUYING AND SHOPPING.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-shopping, kind sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"With pleasure, sir," the maiden said.

"But have you money, my pretty maid?"
"I've just one dime, kind sir," she said.

"You'll soon spend that, and then you'll stop."
"Oh, no," and she gave her head a flop.
"I'm not going to buy; I'm going to shop."

THE RIVALS.

H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

THE battle of Sedgemoor had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old grey church of Weston Zoyland five hundred of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned. The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. The lurid glare of a few torches revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron shod heels of the sentries rang upon the pavement. The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying; one was raving, mad with terror. A few only kept their resolution—among them two who were sitting together in the shadow of the pulpit steps. Both these men had been conspicuous in the fight, and both knew well that they must die at daybreak.

The elder, John Quixarvyn, was a man of about thirty-five, with powerful, thick-set frame, and strong, rugged features. His companion was some six or eight years younger, tall and slight and singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the west of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side.

The two were silent. Dare had pulled out the portrait of a beautiful girl. He took a long look at the lovely face—a look which said farewell.

Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with more tenderness than would have been expected from his looks. Then after a silence, "and yet my case is harder. I was in love—I *am* in love, God help me!—and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!"

"What!" said Dare, "have you the same trouble—a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?"

"No, she will not go distracted; she has had enough of me; and I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her!"

It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment.

"Who was it?"

"Who was it? Do you think if I knew that, that I should now have cause to writhe at dying without crying quits with him? No, I do not know him. I only know she loved me—that she cooled toward me—that, when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and a better looking man, she confessed that it was true, and threw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked her his name, she would not tell me, fearing, I dare say, that I might twist his neck. I should soon have found him; but the war broke out, and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight, to cool my blood with blows, and so here I am—going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to Heaven, if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute, I could die contented."

"You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same."

Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his breast and held it out to his companion.

"Look, is this a face to jilt a man? though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours—it is not more innocent than this one, I dare swear."

The young man took the portrait, and at the same time handed his own. Each looked at the portrait in his hand in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction—the two portraits represented the same person!

Quixarvyn was the first to break the silence.

"What!" he said, bursting into a low laugh, "*you*, was it? To think that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied."

"Well, it *was* I, it appears, though I never knew it, or suspected it. And it has been no one's fault."

"No one's fault?"

"No, no one's. Mary liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your mad humors. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I could; that's the whole case. Do you blame her?"

"No, I don't. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me—I will never believe he acted by fair means—and I am going to do it. Defend yourself; I give you warning!"

Both men sprang to their feet and stood glaring at each other. At that moment there was heard outside the church the rattle of a drum. Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck them motionless as figures turned to stone. That summons meant that day was breaking, and that their hour was come. The guards set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners. Dare and Quixarvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched into open air. At the border of the moor sat an officer on horseback, surrounded by a troup of soldiers—Lord Feversham, a man in whom vanity, callousness, and love of pleasure were equally balanced. His face was gay with pleasant expectation, as the rebels were drawn up before him.

"Good!" he remarked. "These were all ring-leaders, were they? Sergeant, draw up your firing party, and shoot every man of them."

The order was instantly obeyed. The firing party was drawn up, and the prisoners were arranged in line at a few paces' distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvyn found themselves once more side by side.

An officer who sat on horseback at Feversham's right hand observed them.

"I know those two," he said. "Pity two such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the countryside, and the other the best rider."

"Eh? What?" said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, Sergeant, I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, Major? A race between these two men across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the runner?"

The Major reflected.

"Agreed! And to ensure that both shall do their best, let the winner have the promise of his life."

About a quarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was the starting-point. A double line of troops was drawn up, stretching from the tree to the spot where the General was stationed, leaving a space between them like a race course, some yards wide. At the end of the course Feversham and the Major sat opposite each other. Whichever of the two competitors should pass between them first should be rewarded with his life.

David Dare, standing before the muskets of the firing party, had heard the strange proposal with a sudden thrill of hope, so keen that it was almost like a pain. Then for a moment his heart fell again. He know that against a fleet horse urged by a skilful rider spurring for dear life his chance was small. Still there was hope, and he could do his best. More he could not do, though success meant life—with Mary!

In the meantime a trooper had dismounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with whip and spurs, having taken his place in the saddle, the horse was led to the starting-point. Unlike his rival, Quixarvyn's face showed no elation. For one moment a gleam had come into his eyes; but now he rode with down-bent head, as if lost in thought. A sentence seemed constantly running in his head—"You could not make her happy, and I could." It was not until the tree was reached, and the horse was halted that he roused and looked about.

Dare was standing, stripped to the waist and without his shoes, ready for the signal. Quixarvyn's guards dropped the bridle; and the Sergeant who stood between the two competitors, drew a pistol to give the signal.

The excitement was intense. Not a sound was heard, but all down the double line were faces fixed intently on the two competitors. Feversham and the Major, with glasses at their eyes, sat motionless as statues. Even the condemned men, forgetful of their own approaching doom, stretched their necks to catch a glimpse of the strange contest on which depended life and death for two of their companions. The Sergeant raised his pistol. The report rang out.

At the same instant horse and man shot out together from the mark. At first the runner practiced in flying from the start, and having less momentum than the horse, drew out in front. In a few seconds he was some twenty yards ahead. Then the gap between them ceased to widen; then it was seen to be decreasing; the horse was gaining—slowly at first, but surely, stride by stride. When half the course was covered the horse had drawn up level—and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and more, the two ran locked together, side by side, the runner almost flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in the stirrups. And now the goal was only fifty yards away; but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the horse was gaining—was drawing out in front. For one instant it seemed that all was over; the next, to their amazement, they were conscious that the horse was failing. Then they saw a gallant sight; they saw the runner nerve himself for a last effort, and close upon the goal dash past the horse and past the judges, and fall headlong on the turf. At that scene, in spite of discipline, a frantic cheer broke forth along the line.

The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, one of whom poured a draught of brandy down his throat. The spirit almost instantly revived him, and in a few seconds he was able, though still weak and dizzy, to stand upon his feet and look about him. A few paces off, his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dare looked at him, and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptible smile; but it was not this, but something which the other could not have

defined, which struck him backward like a shock. He staggered back, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped to his rival's side, and put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's ear.

"You pulled that horse!"

Quixarvyn answered not a word.

"You let me win," the other went on, his voice breaking. "For her sake you did it."

"Make her happy," he said, briefly.

As he spoke he turned away, and strode swiftly to his old position at the head of the line of prisoners, before which the firing party was again drawn up.

Dare thrust his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless, he could hear, with horrible distinctness, the Sergeant's loud, clear voice, with an interval between the words—"Ready! Present! *Fire!*"

Almost as the word came the crash of the report. The soldiers lowered their smoking muskets, and a thick white cloud hung above the line of prisoners stretched upon the ground. At the extremity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a portrait which he had taken from his breast, and a bullet through his heart.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"PHŒBE! Phœbe! Phœbe!"
The trees were bare and the sky was gray,
But the Peewee sang his blithesome lay,
For this was good Saint Valentine's Day,
When each bird was to choose his mate,
Cock Robin came in his scarlet vest,
The Bluebird wore his Sunday best,
The Oriole nodded his jaunty crest,
And looked about for his fate.

"Bob White! Bob White!"
The brown Quail whistled his clearest strain,
The Catbird caroled a sweet refrain,
And the Blackbird piped, with might and main,
His merriest roundelay;
The Partridge drummed on a red-oak tree,
The Sap-sucker ran up and down in glee,
And the red-headed Woodpecker made quite free,
And chattered a chorus gay.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!"
The Rain-crow's note was plainly heard,
And the merry call of the Sugar-bird,
As over the maple groves he whirred
And winged his airy flight.
The Killdee came from the marsh's brink,
The Chuck-will's-widow and Bobolink,
And the Shy-poke, looking ready to sink
With bashfulness and affright.

"Hoot-hoot-to-hoo!"
The Horn-owl flew from his hollow tree,
Looking as wise as "who-but-he;"
The Chimney Swallow and pert Jo Ree
Skimmed merrily here and there;
The Thrush and the Ground-bird, and Tom-tit blue,
The Meadow-lark and the Yellow-bird, too,
The Shrike and the Kite and King-bird flew
To choose each a partner fair.

"Coo! coo! coo!"
The Wood-dove sang with a tender trill,
While soft and low from the crested hill
Came the plaintive cry of the Whip-poor-will,
And the call of the blue-winged Jay.
The Yellow-hammer arrived quite late,

The Crow cawed aloud as he sat in state,
And each one merrily chose a mate
  On good Saint Valentine's Day.
And then what a flood of song broke out!
Each bird trilled forth in a merry bout,
With a "Coo, coo, coo! Hoot-hoot-to-hoot!
Bobolink, bobolink, chee, chir, chink!
Piree-whee, piree-whee, piree-whee!
Tu-re-lu, tu-re-lu! Chee, chee, chee, chir-r-r-r-ink!

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Founded on an Irish legend, 700 A. D.]

I WAS the chief of the race—he had stricken my father dead—
But I gathered my fellows together; I swore I would strike off his head.
Each of them looked like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth,
And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.
Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,
And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.
He lived on an isle in the ocean—we sailed on a Friday morn—
He that had slain my father the day before I was born.
And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touched at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glittered on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Poured in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls;
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by the storm flourished up beyond sight,

And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heavens above us there flickered a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog
couldn't bark.
And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath—
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death.
And we hated the beautiful isle, for whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flitter-mouse shriek;
And the men that were mighty of tongue, and could raise such a
battle-cry,
That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die—
O they to be dumbed by the charm!—so flustered with anger were they,
They almost fell on each other. But after we sailed away.

We came to the Isle of Shouting; we landed, a score of wild birds
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words;
Once in an hour they cried, and wherever their voices pealed
The steer fell down at the plough, and the harvest died from the field;
And the men dropped dead in the valleys, and half of the cattle went
lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame;
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shouting, and seized one another
and slew.
But I drew them one from the other; I saw that we could not stay,
And we left the dead to the birds and we sailed with our wounded
away.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers; their breath met us out on
the seas,
For the spring and the middle summer sat each on the lap of the
breeze;
And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis
clung,
And starred with a myriad blossoms the long convolvulus hung;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow;

And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush;
And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree,
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea.
And we rolled upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallowed in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn.
Blossom and blossom and promise of blossom, but never a fruit!
And we hated the Flowering Isle as we hated the isle that was mute,
And we tore up the flowers by the million, and flung them in bight and bay,
And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sailed away.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits. All round from the cliffs and the capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes;
And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand;
And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land;
And the mountain rose like a jewelled throne thro' the fragrant air,
Glowing with all-colored plums and with golden masses of pear,
And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and vine.
But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine.
And we stayed three days, and we gorged, and we maddened, till everyone drew
His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew.
And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sundered the fray,
Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sailed away.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the land,
And ever at dawn from the cloud glittered o'er us a sun-bright hand,
Then it opened and dropped at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest,

Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipped under the west;
And we wondered about it and thro' it. O never was time so good!
And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient blood.
But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch, and yawn,
Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sun-bright hand of the dawn,
For there was not a enemy near, but the whole green Isle was our own,
And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,
And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,
For the passion of battle was in us, and we slew, and we sailed away.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers;
One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers;
But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,
And they shocked on each other and butted each other, with clashing of bells,
And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and wrangled in vain;
And the clash and the boom of the bells ran into the heart and the brain,
Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with the Towers:
There were some for the smooth-cut stone, there were more for the carven flowers.
And the wrathful thunder of God pealed over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other, and after we sailed away.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sailed with St. Brendan of yore,
He had lived ever since on the Isle, and his winters were fifteen-score;
And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
And his white hair sank to his heels, and his white beard fell to his feet;
And he spake to me: "O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!

Remember the words of the Lord when he told us, "Vengeance is mine!"
His fathers have slain thy fathers, in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taking a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father. How long shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn, and suffer the past to be past!"
And we kissed the fringe of his beard, and we prayed as we heard him pray.
And the holy man he assoiled us, and sadly we sailed away.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin,
When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

FLOSSIE.

L. R. HAMBERLIN.

"TELL me your story," the lady said
To the stranger—in rags, and with graying head.
"Tell you my story? O child, it's too long,
And full of tears, and full of wrong.
Your happy eyes would dim at its grief,
And yet you could give me no relief.
'Sit down?'—oh, thanks! Not many lips
Say such kind things to me, and few finger-tips,
White as yours are, touch my hard hand
So gently, so kindly, in all this land.

"How very like are your eyes of blue
To a pair of blue eyes that once I knew.
'Whose eyes were they?' I can see very well
You would like to hear the tale I could tell.

'Sit down?' I'll try to be very brief;
And yet, I do not know—the leaf,
Sometimes when caught by a wandering wind,
A long time falls ere the earth it will find.
'Whose eyes were those I spoke of just now?'
Impatient, like her—forgive me! How
I forgot that you're a fine lady, and I
But a tramp. Yet, I think were I called to die,
I should not feel so lonely if you
Were to look on me then with your eyes of blue;
I should feel like she were come back from the dead
To lead me to light through the valley's dread.

"'Whose eyes?' Well, listen;
"A score ago
Of years, out west, in a cabin low,
But built by my hands to shelter the dear
Ones I ne'er more shall meet while I wander here,
We lived,—my wife, my Golden-Hair,
And I. 'Twas a lonely place, but there
Was my home while I dug for gold—a long
Time failing to find a grain. But strong
As love was my tireless arm, and we'd laid
By a bit before our party had strayed
From the States, on a search for the shining dust,
So we weren't yet reduced to the beggar's crust.
By and by, we found a wash that gave
Up a glitter from out of its gravelly-grave.
We followed the stream far up the hill,
And there was the stuff all pockets to fill.

"But it warn't more bright than my child's bright hair;
And the miners—all brave men and square:
No sneaks, nor cowards, nor thieves out there—
They called our baby, Golden-Hair.

No, that warn't the name of our little girl,
But mostly the same; for each little curl
Was golden and silky. The name that we
Called her by was Flossie; so, you see,
There warn't much difference—Golden-Hair,
Or Flossie, the miners didn't care;
And she was both to each of us.
The only girl in our small town she was,
And the pet of both women and men.
"Well, well;
We found the pocket, and all of us fell
On our knees, and blessed the good God for the gold.
There was plenty for all, and to spare. I sold
My claim, and started east with my gains.

"The sun was hot on the summer plains,
And my wife took fever and died by the way.
I watched and tended her night and day;
But I was a man, and Flossie but three
Years old. And truly it seemed to me,
That fate was jealous of my full share
Of joy in my wife and my Golden-Hair,
And my bag of dust; and just as I
Had reached my dream's reality, why,
All I had must slip from my hand—
As through the hour-glass filters the sand—
As though it were but a dream, indeed.
But I had my child, and I quickened my speed,
Lest she should catch the fever's heat,
And, like her mother, die at my feet.

"But I took it next. I felt it here
In my heart, and here in my head. Its sear
Burned out my sight. But I felt on my breast
The sweet life of my child, and I took no rest

By day or night, riding straight ahead,
Till my faithful horse fell under me—dead.
I felt for my gold—'twas about my waist;
I felt for my child—her breath I could taste
As she clung to my neck, while I, reeling, ran,
Striving to reach some abode of man.

"At last I sank with a dizzy brain,
And my body racked with an awful pain;
Then all I knew was Flossie's cry,
As the whoop of Indians sounded by.
From that was a blank, till I woke at last
With thongs on my wrists and ankles fast.

"How long I had lain there, I do not know—
The past seemed but a moment ago;
But my limbs were swollen and like to burst,
And my lips were dry with a terrible thirst.
My baby was gone; and first in my mind
Was the thought that I had been left behind,
While the Indians had taken my child and gone,
Leaving me there to die alone.

"But by the crackling fire's bright light
I saw a glad, yet despairing sight:
In a group beyond the camp-fire there
Were a dozen redskins and Golden-Hair.
They had bound her little wrists and feet
With trinkets, that tinkled a melody sweet
Enough to charm their savage ear,
While Golden-Hair danced with never a fear.

"The miners had taught her the winter before
More jigs than one on our rough deal floor;
And friendly Indians often had come,

And sat by the hearth in our cabin home,
And watched the child, and played with her there:
And all made friends with Golden-Hair.

"And now she seemed delighted, and they
Much more, at the infant's innocent play.
I spoke not a word—I hardly drew breath,
But thought on escape from a savage death.
By and by they tired, and then they slept;
And Flossie, my baby, lightly crept
Away from her keepers to where I was tied,
And nestled closely down by my side.
'Glad?' My heart was wet with the tears
The fever had burned from my eyes. Long years
Have never erased the touch of her hands—
Her baby hands—on my face that night,
Or the kiss she left on my lips. The light
Shone full on her head, where the shining strands
Seemed like an angel's crown. She knew
Not that I was awake, and she closed her blue
Eyes on my breast for sleep, saying low,
'Dod b'ess my mamma an' my '——no
Sound more, for she was asleep. I kept
Awake and listened. The Indians slept,
And soundly, for some of them snored. I shook
The little one some, and she waked with a look
Of fright; but I whispered her name, and told
Her 'papa was near,' and again she was bold.
'Flossie, take my knife,' I said,
'And cut the strings from my hands.' The head
Of an Indian was raised just then, looked 'round
As if in a dream, then dropped to the ground.
Flossie cut the thong—and cut my wrist,
For the big knife slipped in her little fist;
And gave me a gash I'll keep till I die.

But that is the scar she'll know me by,
When she sees me coming on Judgment Day.

"She cried when she saw the crimson dye,
And wakened the redskins. One slash with my
Hand, and my feet were free. I sprang
With my child for the woods. Behind me there rang
The hideous yells of those demons red,
As they followed my footsteps flying ahead.
But I could not last; my strength was gone—
Fasting and fever their work had done:
Nearer and nearer the sleuth-hounds came;
My breath was roasting me like a flame;
I scarcely felt the pain of the knife
That struck through my shoulder down at my life.
Flossie screamed with a hurt child's cry;
And heavily I fell, as I thought, to die.

"I felt her bleeding arm on my face,
And I knew the brute had struck her, too,
For her arm was over the very place,
Where the Indian's blade went sinking through
My shoulder. Then all was a mist. I knew
No more till the rain revived me.
"You
Are weeping and sad at an old man's woe.
I thank you. What? My Flossie you know?
O madam, deceive me not, I pray!
Alive, and I may see her to-day,
My blue-eyed Flossie—my Golden-Hair?
Where! O lady, tell me—where!
What—you? Oh, do not set me wild!—
The scar! Yes, yes! thank God—my child!"

STEALING ROSES.

MRS. MARY L. GADDESS.

DO you ever think, sweet Kitty,
Of one day so long ago,
As we sauntered home at evening
In the tender twilight's glow,
As we passed a stately garden—
Surely you remember, Kate,
Those bright roses, red and glowing,
I stole for you, through the gate?

Little trembling, girlish figure—
I can see it, even now—
Clustering curls about her forehead
Almost hiding face and brow;
Tiny apron full of roses,
Held up closely to her breast,
While I whispered softly, "Kitty,
Shall I steal you all the rest?"

And we robbed the bush completely,
Naughty children, you and I;
But I guess I would repeat it,
Even now, if you were nigh.
With the years we hastened onward,
And those happy days have flown.
Golden dawn of early childhood;
All too soon for us 'twas gone.

Now no flowers seem so lovely.
I have grown heart-weary, Kate,
Since together you and I, dear,

Stole the roses through the gate.
Perhaps I plucked too many flowers,
Thorns have wounded unawares,
But I still remember fondly
Childhood's days, amid my cares.

Here to-night I'm sitting, dreaming,
Wishing it had been my fate,
Hand in hand with you, sweet Kitty,
To steal life's roses "through the gate."
Dreams, vain dreams, I waken only
To remember I am old,
And the tale of joyous childhood
Is a story long, long told.
If we met once more, I wonder
If we'd know each other, Kate,
Or believe we ever really—
Stole those roses through the gate.

JERRY AN' ME.

THERE'S been a weddin' to Hopeville—they say it can't be beat;
For John is so han'some an' strong an' proud, an' Mary's so fair an' sweet.
I went to the weddin' to Hopeville, an' enjoyed it too, I mind;
For Jerry he rode his sorrel nag, an' I rode on behind.

Jerry ain't much of a talker, an' I am sort o' still;
But gener'ly when together we get, we talk with right good will.
But the talk, as we went to the weddin', for all that we could say,
Was only about the weather, an' the clearness o' the day.

So I got to feelin' mournful; an' when we reached the hill,
I couldn't keep from askin' him what made him so sad an' still?

But Jerry he sort o' hemmed an' hawed, a-clearin' o' his throat,
An' said he hed got the headache so—he wished he'd a heavier coat.

I was 'fraid he'd got the ager, an' maybe he'd hev a chill;
An' I thought he'd better rest awhile at the bottom o' the hill.
He b'lieved he would stop a minute, an' wet his head at the spring,
For it was feelin' dizzy-like, an' ached like anything.

I dipped my han's in the water, an' bathed his throbbin' head;
An' he said he felt some better then, but he looked as pale as lead.
At last, I sort o' hinted, but didn't just speak out,
That maybe suthin' was on his mind he wanted to tell about.

He sort o' blushed an' stammered, an' said he did'nt know—
He thought he felt some better now, an' he guessed we'd better go.
But no! the ice I'd broken, 'n' I was bound to wade right through—
I was bound to know what I hed done to make him look so blue.

But arter a dozen blushes, 'n' a dozen stammers, or so,
He said it wasn't nothin' much, 'n' he thought we'd better go.
But I sot down there by the spring-side; as firm as any judge;
An' I said that he'd got to tell me all, or else I wouldn't budge!

'N' then he begun to tell me, in the wildest sort o' a way,
How he hed grown so miser'ble since the day before yesterday;
How till then he hed been hopeful that I might be his wife,
But how, on that day, he'd swallered the bitterest pill of his life.

How Cousin Jim had told him that I was to marry him—
That Sunday week was the weddin'-day, an' how he hated Jim.
An' then I laughed much louder than ever I laughed before;
An' I said that Jim was a queer boy, an' a dozen o' such things more.

I said Jim hed told a story; I'd never wed him till the last—
That I *couldn't* marry my *cousin*—an' Jerry grew well quite fast.
I couldn't begin to tell you all that was said after that;
But the hours flew by like minutes, while down by the spring we sat.

An' when we got to the weddin', the weddin' was over an' done!
The minister hed said his say, an' the couple hed long been one.
But there'll be another weddin', as a sequel to our ride—
An' Jerry will be the bridegroom, an' *I* shall be the bride!

LITTLE COOKIE-HOOKIE.

H. L. PINER.

[Dedicated to Bernice Helen Riggan.]

MAMMA makes 'e nices' cookies
Ever see;
'N' us chillum all is hookies—
'Speci'lly me.
'N' she puts a hole wight in 'em;
Guess 'at's wight where she begin 'em;
Put your fin'r froo 'n' spin 'em—
V—v—vee! [*Put finger through cookie and spin it, making onomatopœia with voice.*]
Oh, I won'er what about it,
Wight in there
Where you take your fin'r out it?
Est 'e air?
Pshaw! They can't fool me. Mistaken!
'S goodie in 'e cake I reckon,
Likn 'e nuts 'at we's a crackin'
On 'e stair.

I tan eat 'at li'l' fellow,
Ev'y bit:
'Tause it's est so soft 'n' mellow,
Est a fit. [*Over mouth.*]
Cookie-holes is like marshmallows,

Soft 'n' white like lily-callas;
But the cookie round it 's yellow 's
My li'l' kit.

Yellow 's better'n any pippin;
But 'e hole
'S like 'e 'zerves 'e angel 's sippin'—
'Brosia roll!
Wouldn't mamma fink 'twas funny
See me nibblin' est lak Bunny,
Round 'e fairies' li'l' honey
Sugar-bowl?

Guess in Heaven 'ey don't have cookies—
Est e' holes;
Guess in Heaven 'ey don't have hookies—
Poor li'l' souls!
Angel food makes wings grow on me,
Soft 'n' fluffy like snow on me;
Nuff'n but zephyrs 'll blow on me,
F'm Norf poles.

[*Reciter has eaten all except the narrow rim which is the periphery of the hole, and stands studying the intricate problem of how to begin on the hole so as to make sure of eating it.*]
It's a puzzle how to eat it,
But I'll try.
[*Eats at the air all around the sides of the ring.*]
Oh, I never will complete it—[*much perplexed*]
I'll est cry. [*Proceeds to do so and to talk.*]
Mamma said I'd go to Heaven
If I'd eat—four—five—six—seven,
But I can't eat 'is one even—
Oh, I'll die! [*Crying furiously.*]

"What's the matter, baby, dearie,
Did you fall?"

No, m'm. [*Sudden change of face to smile, mischievous inquiry, mingled with some wonder at the mother's question, and swallow rest of cookie, in a comical way, and waltz off the stage, mouth closed and tossing head with glee and sauciness, and half singing, half mumbling the tone children frequently give on the letter "m" when enjoying food.*]

I'm a li'l' fairy!
When you call,
"Come here precious li'l' Sookie,"
You will miss your li'l' hookie,
Who has eat'n 'e li'l' cookie—
Hole 'n' all.

BABY LOGIC.

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

SHE was ironing her dolly's new gown,
Maid Marian four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown.
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed, in a tone of surprise:
"Don't you know it's a sin,
Any work to begin,
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now, don't you suppose
The good Lord He knows
This little iron ain't hot?"

MY AUNT MARIA.

ELSIE MALONE MC COLLUM.

HAVE you got any Aunt Maria? An' does she know all 'bout ghosts, an' fairies, an' the ol' booger-man 'at scratches out your eyes if you're naughty while your mamma's gone? Well, *my* Aunt Maria knows all 'bout 'em, an' she tells me, an' I'm mighty glad she does, 'cause I might forget an' be naughty sometimes, when Harry—he's my biggest brother—locks me up in the dark closet an' goes off an' leaves me, an' pretends he doesn't know I'm in there. Now, you see, if I didn't have any Aunt Maria, I might cry an' say ugly things to Harry; but I get afraid the ol' booger-man might come an' scratch my eyes out, so I jus' laugh, an' call Aunt Maria, an' she comes an' opens the door.

(2) One time, when Harry locked me up, Aunt Maria was *away* up stairs where she couldn't hear me call. But I didn't know what else to do, an' I was 'bout to cry, so I jus' *made* myself laugh right loud, like I didn't care, an' I called her; an' jus' then she came down stairs, an' then she heard me an' opened the door. I grabbed her 'roun' the neck an' asked her how she happened to come down stairs. She said: "Oh, one of your good fairies made me forget my thimble, an' I had to come down an' get it, an' so I heard you." Mamma says God sent Aunt Maria to open the door, an' I b'lieve it, 'cause mamma knows best.

(3) Do you want to hear some of the stories my Aunt Maria tells me? Some of 'em are pretty, but some of 'em are so scary they'll 'mos' make you jump out your boots. When I was a tiny little girl she used to tell me 'bout the "Babes in the Woods," an' the ol' mother hog with three little piggies; then, she tol' me 'bout "Little Red Riding-Hood." Now, my Aunt Maria is sweet, an' she's pretty, too. She has such white teeth, an' great big blue eyes, an' the yellowest hair, an' she looks for all the world like a grown-up wax doll. But when she was tellin' me 'bout the ol' wolf 'at ate

up Little Red Riding-Hood she would grin, an' show her teeth all over, an' jus' snap 'em, an' squint her eyes an' kr-r-r-w-t !—that's the way she'd do. I saw a sure nuff wolf once, an' as well's I remember, Aunt Maria looked jus' like him; an' when she jumped at me I couldn't keep from screamin', although I knew it was jus' Aunt Maria. I liked the story, though, an' wanted her to tell it over. But the nex' time she tol' it I tucked my head down in her lap an' covered my face with her apron. I like to hear her tell 'bout Cinderella an' the fairy godmother. It makes me feel *good* to think 'at Cinderella could wear the glass slipper an' got to marry the prince, an' live so much better 'n her mean ol' sisters. It served 'em right!

(4) Aunt Maria told me a new story las' night, an' I got so scared I felt the col' chills creep over me, an' I couldn't hardly get my breath. I haven't time to tell you the whole story, but this is the way it ends: "I'm Raw-head an' Bloody-bones, I'm Raw-head an' Bloody-bones, an' I'm comin' to git you! Boo!"

LESSON-HELPS.

The reciter should imitate the voice and actions of a child six or eight years of age.

(1) Lean on back of large chair; head or chin may rest awhile on the hand. "I'm mighty glad she tells me" is given with a proud little turn of the head, emphasis on "me."

(2) An oblique, upward, right-hand gesture on "away up stairs," slow movement on "away." "I grabbed her 'roun' the neck," here throw the arms around some imaginary person. "Oh, one of your good fairies," etc., should be a childish imitation of the aunt's voice.

(3) When proposing to relate the stories, come from behind the chair and sit down as if hardly conscious of the act. Picture "a tiny little girl" by measuring the height with right hand. On "grin, an' show her teeth all over, an' jus' snap 'em," suit the actions to the words—aunt had tried to imitate a wolf. "Kr-r-r-w-t!" is a quick, convulsive snort or inhalation, similar to a sudden snoring sound. When telling of having seen a wolf, and when telling of Cinderella, assume an air of importance.

(4) "I felt cold chills," etc., shiver and look frightened.

"I'm Raw-head and Bloody-bones" must be given in slow, hollow, sepulchral tones, the eyes opened wide, fingers stiffly curved and brought near the face. "Boo!" is a sudden, sharp cry, the hands being at the same time thrown out as if jumping at the audience.

KNITTING.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

[To be recited with a red silk purse and knitting-needles.]

I SAT in the shade of the ingle, she sat a little apart,
Where the firelight flooded her tresses, as her beauty flooded my heart;
My eyes were fastened upon her, but hers were drooping adown,
On some womanly toy she was knitting, with beads of silver and brown.

Knitting, knitting, knitting, with a glitter of silken thread,
As over the crimson meshes the point of her needle sped;
Knitting, knitting, knitting, a web that she did not guess,
Over the heart whose secret I longed yet feared to confess.

Ringing out from the shadow, the old clock counted the hour;
It was time to go, yet the going seemed utterly out of my power;
And, drawing a little nearer, I laid my hand on her chair,
Just where the purple velvet cushioned her golden hair.

I saw the pearly white fingers tremble under the red
Of the beads that glided faster over the silken thread;
And the rose on her cheek grew deeper, flushing it more and more,
And all in a moment the knitting went gliding down to the floor.

And over its tangled meshes the firelight flickered and shone,
As I breathed in her ear the secret which erst had been mine alone;
And her beautiful head dropped lower, and her red lips trembled apart,
And her soft eyes did not forbid me to fold her close to my heart.

Oh! many a year has faded, fraught with sorrow and joy,
Since the night when she sat knitting that silver and crimson toy;
And the silk of the web has faded, the beads grown tarnished and gray,
And all of its shining beauty utterly vanished away.

But still she is knitting, knitting, with every womanly grace,
The magical web whose beauty nothing can ever efface;
And never a tint can vanish, never a pearl depart,
From the beautiful, beautiful love-net that fastens her close to my heart.

SUNDAY TALK IN THE HORSE SHEDS.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

[Old Gray comments on the service to his mate.]

'TISN'T so much that the Sunday harness never seems to fit,
That the collar is tight, an' the check-rein draws on this queer new-fangled bit,
Nor yet that the pasture looks greener, somehow, this sort of a half-rest day,
That galls me most, Old Roan, but the things I hear the people say.

My shoulders ache, an' my knees are stiff, an' it makes me want to fight
When I hear 'em sing, "O Day of Rest! O Day of Joy an' Light!"
For we started late, an' to get here soon we had to trot our best;
"Welcome"—now hear 'em—"delightful morn, sweet day of sacred rest!"

Now parson's readin' the Scripture, "Remember the Sabbath day—
In it thou shalt not do any work"—"Amen," the people say;
"Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy cattle, thy ox, nor thy ass"—

Don't seem to exempt the horses, eh ? So we'll let the lesson pass.
Can't you step over a little ? The sun comes in this side—
An' it don't say a word about the wife; I reckon that's why they decide
That Sunday's a day of rest on the farm from the labors of every-day life
For everything that the Lord hath made—except the horses an' wife.

Now, that's our hymn; come, wake up, Roan, that means us, I'll be bound—
"Awake, my soul"—sing louder'n that; some folks sleep mighty sound—
"Awake, my soul, an' with the sun"—that's meant for me an' you—
"Thy daily course of duty run"—well, that's just what we do.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast"—I'd smile
At the parson's text, but if I did they'd hear me for a mile;
For I trotted the last ten minutes lame—I'd picked up a hard, sharp stone,
An' could hear the old man growlin' because his seat was "hard as a bone."

"Could I but climb where Moses stood"—but the half of them wouldn't climb;
They'd pile in the wagon full's 'twould hold an' ride up every time;
If they had to walk they'd do's they did when your pastern joint was sprained—
They'd say 'twas too far, an' stay at home, like they did the times it rained.

I'm goin' to write a hymn some day, an' we'll sing it out in the sheds—
"Welcome, delightful morn that pours the rain upon our heads;
Welcome the slush, the snow that drifts, the mud that irritates,
The storms that bring a Sabbath rest to the cattle within the gates."

His voice was hushed, for the notes of song rose on the hallowed air—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—thanksgiving, praise and prayer;

"Praise Him all creatures here below"—man, beast, an' bird an' thing—

With the possible exception of the farmer's wife, who, having remained at home to prepare a dinner of chicken soup, roast beef, beets, onions, roasting ears, salad, pudding, two kinds of pie, and fruit, for her husband, three sons, four daughters, the pastor, his wife and two children, the district secretary of the Home Mission Society, a distant relative from the city come out to spend the day, and two hired men, had very little time, and not much breath, and possibly not an everlastingly superabundant inclination to sing.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

WHEN women's rights have come to stay,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
When wives are at the polls all day,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
When Doctor Mamma's making pills,
When Merchant Mamma's selling bills,
Of course, 'twill cure all woman's ills—
But who will rock the cradle?

When Mamma to the court has hied,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
She has a case that must be tried,
But who will rock the cradle?
When Captain Mamma walks her decks,
When Banker Mamma's cashing checks,
When all our girls have lost their sex,
Must Papa rock the cradle?

AFTER A DANCE.

JOHN MORAN.

HE [*diffidently*]. Not since last year! So glad again to find you!
I've often thought of this sweet place—and you.
I wish I dared of your last words remind you.
SHE [*languidly*]. Yes, most boys do!

HE [*excitedly*]. "Auf Wiedersehen," ere caprice bereft me,
"Boy!" Aye, in years, but firm in manhood set;
I would have banked on hopes your deep eyes left me.
SHE [*calmly*]. Yes, most fools bet!

HE [*reproachfully*]. How cruel! I have marked your every motion,
Have caught your least light smile all night, I think;
Drank in each glance and grace with fresh devotion.
SHE [*demurely*]. Yes, most men drink!

HE [*bitterly*]. Sweetheart, for one brief moment let me fold you,
And on your fair, false lips a last kiss set;
And then these eyes shall never more behold you—
SHE [*softly*]. Don't go—just yet!

SARA.

GEORGE D. SUTTON.

YES, pard, I'm aware it looks odd like ter see an old-timer like me
A-wearin' a chain an' a locket round his throat, like a vine round a tree.
Oh, yes, I kin tell yer the story. I couldn't a-told it afore,
But ter tell it all over ter-night, pard, seems somehow ter open a door.

It's the door thet leads back ter the fifties, way back ter the gold-findin' days,
When I settled out yere from Missouri, alive with the gold fever craze.
I'd left—well, I'd left a young sweetheart, who'd promised, when I'd struck the spot,
She'd come ter me thar an' git married, an' help me enjoy what I'd got.

I rustled, fer I hed a purpose—ter build me a home fer the gal;
I never fergot her a minute, an' she writ ter me like a pal.
An' one day—well, don't I remember ?—the sky never seemed quite so bright—
She came to our camp like a sunbeam the shadows hed driven ter flight.

We were spliced thet same evenin' at sunset, out under thet cotton-wood tree,
An' the boys all allowed when 'twas over thet they were as happy as we.
An' we never hed a sad moment; our life war a wild one an' free,
An' many a mile on the prairie we've ridden, my Sara an' me.

One day we'd gone false of our reck'nin', fer Sara hed seen way off thar
A patch o' some wild prairie flower, thet looked like a great crimson star.
She rode in the lead, an' the pictur' she made I can never ferget;
Her curly locks dancin' an' shinin', an' black as the blackest of jet.

I cantered along kind o' easy, when out of the stillness thar came
The plink of an agency rifle, an' my horse—well, he gave up the game.
He war down, an' I hed ter go with him. I opined 'twas a fight ter the end,
Fer, 'ithout lookin' back, I knowed Injuns war hidin' down thar in the bend.

I moseyed behind thet dead horse, pard, an' waited fer them ter
come out,
An' purty soon three wild red devils came tearin' my way with a
shout.
I picked off the first in a minute, while their shots went wide; as
he fell
I fired agin, an' my bullet sent another red devil ter—well,

Thet left only one in the scrimmage—the wickedest one o' the lot;
His eyes burnin' red like a fire, his shooter jest aimed fer a shot.
I knowed then 'twas fight ter the death, pard, but the thought o'
thet Sara o' mine
Jest gave me the rage o' a demon—a feelin' thet don't come from
wine.

I lifted my gun ter take aim, when he shot; my arm fell at my
side;
I knowed then my minutes war numbered, but my only thought
war fer my bride.
I shut my eyes tight an' I prayed, pard, an' prayed as I couldn't
ter-day;
'Twas 'sential jest then, fer my Sara, an' somethin' jest taught me
ter pray.

The hoof-beats came closer an' closer, they rushed along on the
plain;
His yells they grew near—the next minute his hatchet would crash
through my brain.
I rose ter my feet, vowin' dearly my life I would sell, as I must,
When two rifle-shots rang out clearly, an' the last Injun fell in the
dust.

'Twas my little wife thet hed shot him. Her horse galloped rider-
less past,
An' not far away lay the gal, pard, her still smokin' weapon held
fast.

I spoke ter her—called her ter answer; I raised up her dear little head;
I felt fer her heart—it warn't goin'—the poor little missus war dead.

We buried her under thet pine tree—it shelters her grave night an' day;
An' often I wish as I see it I hadn't fergot how ter pray.
'Cause I'd pray thet the good Lord above us would make such a man out o' me
Thet I would be worthy the woman who gave her young life up fer me.
An' thet's why I'm wearin' the locket, 'twas a trinket thet she used ter wear,
An' 'twill be right yere, pard, till I cash in, an' perhaps when we meet over thar.

IS IT LOVE?

IS it love when your heart beats faster
Whenever the pair of you meet?
Is it love that when you passed her
Your cheek felt a sudden heat?

Is it love if your vision trembles
And swims when you see one girl?
Is it love that for you she dissembles
The defiant air of a churl!

Is it Cupid that causes these feelings;
Is it love—who will answer the question?
These throbbings and whirlings and reelings?
Is it love—or just indigestion?

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"I DON'T like grandma at all," said Fred,
And he drew his face in a queer grimace;
The tears were ready to fall,
As he gave his kitten a loving hug,
Disturbing her nap in the soft, warm rug.

"Why, what has poor grandma done?" I asked,
"To trouble the little boy?
Oh, what has she done
To scatter the smiles of joy?"
Through quivering lips the answer came:
"She called—my—kitty—a—horrid—name."

"She did? Are you sure?" And I kissed the tears
Away from the eyelids wet.
"I can scarce believe dear grandma would grieve
The feeling of either pet.
What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred;
"She called my kitty—a—quad—ru—ped."

HOW THE REVIVAL CAME.

MARGARET J. BIDWELL.

IT was Sunday night in the old stone church,
And the preacher's work was done;
But, with weary eyes and an anxious heart,
He earnestly watched to see if a dart
Had entered the "hearts of stone."

With solemnly silent, most orthodox air,
They listened to all that he said
Of the Saviour's love and His tender care,

Of the griefs He will tenderly, lovingly share
  Of the beautiful home just ahead.

And then on the people there settled down
  A silence long and deep;
And the preacher's heart grew heavy with pain,
And the clock ticked over and over again,
  While the people seemed to sleep.

Then one of the brethren slowly arose,
  And with solemn voice and slow,
He told what the Lord had done for him
  About fifty years ago.
And his face was as long as the moral law,
  As he spoke of the heavenly Prince,
And it seemed as if God had forgiven his sins,
  But had never done anything since.

Then followed a silence longer still,
  That covered the church like a pall,
And the people with hungry, empty hearts
  Just wondered if that were all.

Then another brother slowly arose,
  A man of most godly life,
Who, while loving the cause and the souls of men,
  Had grown weary in the strife.
His heart was heavy, his faith was weak,
  And it seemed, when he was done,
As if the Lord was a long way off,
  And couldn't take care of His own.

Then followed a prayer of most awful length
  Grammatical, polished and cold,
But it reached to the uttermost parts of the earth,
  As the waters did of old,
And the careless, ungodly, but hungry hearts

That were just outside the fold,
Could but wonder if they had as good a chance
As the sinners near the pole.

Then a trembling sister slowly arose—
God's spirit shone in her eyes;
A woman whose heart was true as steel,
Whose life was a sacrifice.
But her voice was timid, and weak, and low
And few were the words which she said,
And the sinners back by the door couldn't hear,
So they rattled the seats instead.

Then the pastor arose with a sigh of relief,
For the hour of closing had come,
And the rustle of wraps and of overshoes
Proclaimed that 'twas time to go home;
When slowly, timidly, down the aisle,
With a child's unconscious grace,
Came a little figure, poorly clad,
And gazed in the preacher's face.

Her voice was as clear as a silver bell,
And she spoke with a childish ease,
As she, timidly touching the pastor's hand,
Said: "I want to see Jesus, please!
You say He has gone to prepare a home
For the homeless, and that means me;
That He tenderly cares for us every day,
And I love Him for that, you see."

Then followed a silence most strangely sweet,
For all felt that God was there,
As the preacher knelt by the little child
And lifted his voice in prayer.
An hour passed swiftly, silently on,
But the congregation stayed,

While voices that long had been silent there
  Thanked God for His strength and aid.

Then hearts that were weak grew brave and strong,
  And a mighty faith was shone,
And the angels sang in the heavenly choir:
  "The Lord brings back His own."
And the preacher's heart grew light as a bird,
  Though he labored both early and late,
For the night was passed, the morning had dawned,
  And the old stone church was awake.

GLAUCUS AND THE LION.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

[Glaucus, the Athenian, and Olinthus, the Christian, are awaiting the summons to the arena, where those adjudged guilty contest with wild beasts. Glaucus, though innocent, has been found guilty of a murder really committed by Arbaces, the Egyptian.]

"HARK! hearest thou that shout? They are growling over their human blood," said Olinthus.

"I hear; my heart grows sick; but the gods support me."

"The gods! Oh, rash young man! in this hour recognize only the One God. Have I not taught thee in the dungeon, wept for thee, prayed for thee? In my zeal and in my agony, have I not thought more of thy salvation than of my own?"

"Brave friend," answered Glaucus, "I have listened to thee with awe, with wonder, and with a secret tendency toward conviction. Had our lives been spared, I might gradually have weaned myself from the tenets of my own faith and inclined to thine; but, in this last hour, it were a craven thing, and a base, to yield to hasty terror what should be the result only of lengthened meditation. Olinthus, no! Hush! Dost thou hear them drag yon heavy body through the passage? Such as that clay will be ours soon."

The door swung gratingly back—the gleam of spears shot along the walls.

"Glaucus, the Athenian, thy time has come! The lion awaits thee!"

"I am ready," said the Athenian. "Brother and comate, one last embrace! Bless me—and, farewell!"

"Oh! could I have converted thee, I had not wept. Oh! that I might say to thee: 'We two shall sup this night in Paradise!'"

"It may be so yet," answered the Greek, with tremulous voice. "They whom death parts now may yet meet beyond the grave. On the earth—on the beautiful, the beloved earth, farewell forever! Worthy officer, I attend you!"

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime which had greeted his entrance into the arena died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark, uncouth object in the centre of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion, which had been kept without food for twenty-four hours. Now, in its den it lay, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing with a heaving breath the sand below on the arena.

The Ædile's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around—hesitated—delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign. The keeper who was behind the den cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his single small weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe. But, to the astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of Glaucus' presence. At the first moment of its release, it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audi-

ence, and on failing uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and ugly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At last, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion grew into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and close the door of the den!"

As the keeper was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle—voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced. All eyes turned in wonder toward the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared, his hair dishevelled, breathless, heated, half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring.

"Remove the Athenian!" he cried. "Haste—he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces, the Egyptian—he is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the Prætor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the Emperor! I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of the priest Apæcides! Room, there! Stand back! Give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces—there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale, haggard, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat.

"The priest Calenus! Calenus!" cried the mob. "Is it he? No—it is a dead man!"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the Prætor, gravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, the lion spared him!"

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. "Remove the Athenian! Arbaces to the lion!"

The shout echoed from hill to vale—from coast to sea: "Arbaces to the lion!"

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus; remove, but guard him yet," said the Prætor. "The gods lavish their wonders upon this day. Calenus, priest of Isis, thou accusest Arbaces of the murder of Apæcides?"

"I do!"

"Thou didst behold the deed?"

"Prætor, with these eyes——"

"Enough at present. The details must be reserved for more suiting time and place. Arbaces of Egypt, thou hearest the charge against thee. Thou hast not yet spoken. What hast thou to say?"

"Prætor, this charge is so mad that it scarcely deserves reply. My first accuser is the noble Sallust—the most intimate friend of Glaucus! My second is a priest; I revere his garb and calling—but, people of Pompeii, ye know somewhat of the character of Calenus. He is griping and gold-thirsty to a proverb. The witness of such men is to be bought! Prætor, I am innocent!"

"Sallust, where found you Calenus?"

"In the dungeons of Arbaces."

"Egyptian," said the Prætor, frowning, "thou didst, then, dare to imprison a priest of the gods—and wherefore?"

"Hear me," answered Arbaces. "This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made, unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune. I remonstrated in vain. I resolved to detain him there until the fate of the true criminal was sealed, and his threats would avail no longer; but I

meant no worse. I may have erred—but who amongst ye will not acknowledge the equity of self-preservation? I throw myself on your laws. I demand their protection. Remove hence the accused and the accuser. This is no place for further parley."

"He says right. Ho, guards, remove Arbaces! Guard Calenus! Sallust, we hold you responsible for your accusation. Let the sports be resumed!"

"What!" cried Calenus, turning round to the people; "shall Isis be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance? Shall justice be delayed now that it may be frustrated hereafter? Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey? A god! a god! I feel the god rush to my lips! To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces!"

His exhausted frame could support no more. He sank on the ground in convulsions, the foam gathered to his mouth—he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered. The people saw, and shuddered.

"It is a god that inspires the holy man! To the lion with the Egyptian!"

With that cry up sprang—on moved—thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights; they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the Ædile command—in vain did the Prætor lift his voice and proclaim the law. In despair, and in terror which beat down even pride, Arbaces glanced over the rolling, rushing crowd; when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition. He beheld, and his craft restored his courage.

"Behold!" he shouted, with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd. "Behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree: the trunk, blackness; the branches, fire—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every

moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

Then there arose on high the shrieks of women. Then men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent, casting forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the amphitheatre itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other—trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans and oaths and prayers and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth. Whither should they fly? But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon.

A CRUEL DECEPTION.

WHAT, married! Evangeline married? Great heavens, it cannot be so!
And yet, here it is all in printing, and happened a fortnight ago.
A wife! Why, 'twas only in August that, leaving her down by the sea,
She swore by the round moon above us she would ever be faithful to me.

And now she is wed to another, if I my poor eyes can believe.
Oh, false! Oh, most faithless of women! so cruelly me to deceive!
Of course I meant nothing—was only killing time; but I swear 'tis a shame
To think that that innocent maiden was all the while doing the same.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

SHE came from Detroit, and her great pride was in being an invalid She lost no opportunity in stating that she came to Minnesota to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into conversation with any person she met, giving advice—climatological or physiological—to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced by the introductory inquiry: "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at the dinner table of the hotel, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Yes, madam; I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs—in fact, my bones were little tougher than cartilage. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle nor the use of a single faculty."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished auditor; "and you lived?"

"I did, madam, although I was almost devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependent upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have experienced scarcely a sick day since; hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful cure!" said the lady. "But do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that, but for the most careful nursing, they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends, sir."

"Indeed I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my great weakness."

"How sad! Pray what were your diet and treatment?"

"My diet was the simplest possible, consisting only of milk—that being the only food my system would bear. As for treatment, I depended entirely upon the life-giving properties of Minnesota air, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very restless. My improvement dated from my arrival. My limbs soon became strong, my sight and voice came to me slowly, and a full set of teeth, regular and firm, appeared."

"Remarkable—miraculous! Surely, sir you must have been greatly reduced in flesh?"

"Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Minnesota. Good day."

GYDA OF VARSLAND.

ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.

KING ERIK'S daughter grew tall and fair
Under a yeoman's fostering care,
Never a maid who might compare
With Gyda of Varsland.

Soon there flew through the listening air,
To Harold the King with the gold-bright hair,
Flocks of rumors that told how fair
Was Gyda of Varsland.

King Harold, the Fair-haired, straightway sent,
Swift as the shaft when the bow is bent,
Message with wording of this intent
To Gyda of Varsland:

"Since they have told me how fair thou'rt grown,
Fain, fain would I have thee for my own.
Wilt share my heart, but not my throne,
O Gyda of Varsland?"

Then proudly backward she threw her head,
While firm was her voice and free from dread,
Fiercely her eyes flashed as she said—
Brave Gyda of Varsland—

"Go back to your King, my man, and say
To his offer base, I answer nay!
Maidens there are whom please it may—
Not Gyda of Varsland!

"Nay, further, I would not even wed
A monarch unless his power spread
Through all the land," so scornful said
Young Gyda of Varsland.

"'Tis strange that in Norway doth not reign
One who can conquer a whole domain,
Like Erik the Swede or Gorm the Dane,"
Quoth Gyda of Varsland.

"Tell him when over fair Norroway land
Sole king of all he shall hold command,
Then he may sue for the maiden hand
Of Gyda of Varsland."

Back to the King the messengers went:
"The maiden's pride, O King, should be bent;
By force to take her 'twere well thou sent
For Gyda of Varsland."

"Not so," said Harold," she speaks not ill;
I owe her thanks, for she doth instil
A thought I rest not till I fulfil,
This Gyda of Varsland.

"And here on this Brage-cup I swear
Never to comb or to cut my hair

Till Norway be mine; then I may dare
Woo Gyda of Varsland."

Forth went the King through Norroway land.
Many a battle on sea and strand
He gained with his sturdy warrior band,
For Gyda of Varsland.

To Gyda of Varsland, sitting at home,
Rumors of victory swiftly come.
"For hope of me doth he fight and roam,"
Thinks Gyda of Varsland.

A smile melts over proud Gyda's face,
Where dawning love writes a soft, faint trace.
"A wooing worthy his kingly race!"
Cries Gyda of Varsland.

After the battle of Hurf's Fjord,
Of Norway the undisputed lord,
King Harold toasted at festal board
Fair Gyda of Varsland.

"The shears now bring me," he cried at last,
"My oath I have kept both true and fast,
But the time of waiting is over and past,
O Gyda of Varsland.

"Earl Ragnvald, sever thou close this hair
Which I on the Brage-bowl did swear,
That I might claim her, untouched to wear,
Claim Gyda of Varsland."

Then Ragnvald, of Möre, straightway shed
The locks of Harold, the Frowsy-head;
A golden offering, Harold said,
To Gyda of Varsland.

Marvel they all at those locks so bright,
" Fair-Haired " thereafter is Harold hight.
Hastes he onward to keep his plight
With Gyda of Varsland.

Long they gaze down the deeps of the eyes,
Each reading there with a sweet surprise
A newborn feeling, which rose-red dyes
Shy Gyda of Varsland.

"A king indeed to my eyes is shown!
One monarch alone fills Norway's throne!
And Norway's King is my king, I own!"
Breathes Gyda of Varsland.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village,
Gleaming, stood in the morning's sheen.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.

Loud rang the bells, already the thronging crowd was assembled,
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,

So cast off the soul its garments of earth, and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal.
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the reverend teacher,
Father was called and he was in the parish. A Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered grave-stone a sunbeam.
All the congregation arose; to the right and the left hand, the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Then when all was finished, the teacher reëntered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Now went the old man up to the altar; and straightway transfigured

(So did it seem to me) was then the affectionate teacher.
So, on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned:

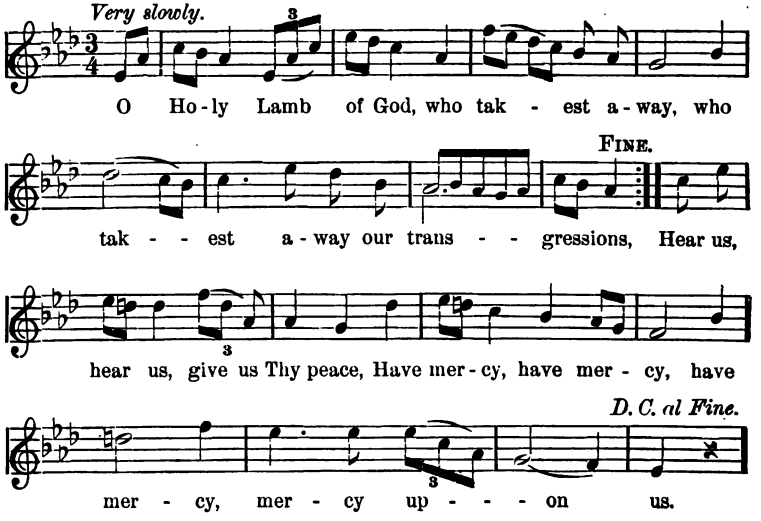
"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,
This is the hour of your trial, without revocation departeth
Now from our lips the confession. Bethink ye before ye make answer.
Think not, oh, think not with guile to deceive the questioning teacher.
Thus, then: Believe ye in God, in the Father, who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united?
Will ye promise me here (a holy promise) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?" With a clear voice
Answered the young men "Yes!" and "Yes!" with lips softly breathing
Also answered the maidens. Then dissolved from the brow of the teacher
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers:

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!
Yet, for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Wander from holiness onward to holiness. Earth shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust and heaven is light—I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the universe, hear me! Thou Fountain of Love Everlasting,
Hark to the voice of Thy servant! I send up my prayer to Thy heaven!

Let me hereafter not miss at Thy throne one spirit of all these
Whom Thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation.
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
'Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom Thou hast given me!'"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayer of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read. At the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the teacher silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward, while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday, who knows! Perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? The hour is accomplished.
What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
"Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,

Read the form of communion and in chimed the organ and anthem:



Th' old man, with trembling hands, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children (I noted it well, I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through the ice-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on His right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harp-strings, and angels from gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.
Closed was the teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand. But all of them pressed he,

Moved, to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

THE LITTLE LADY-BIRD.

CAROLINE ANNE SOUTHEY.

LADY-BIRD! lady-bird! fly away home—
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home—
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home—
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home—
The fairy-bells tinkle afar!
Make haste or they'll catch ye, and harness ye fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home
To your house in the old willow tree,

Where your children, so dear, have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck—and that's all I've to say.

THE SUN-DIAL.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

'TIS an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:
I AM A SHADE: A SHADDOWE TOO ARTE THOU:
I MARKE THE TIME: SAYE, GOSSIP, DOST THOU SOE?

Here would the ring-doves linger, head to head;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon;
Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,
That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune;
Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed;
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,
  Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
  Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
  There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale—
  An inner beauty shining from her face.

She as if listless with a lonely love,
  Straying among the alleys with a book—
Herrick or Herbert—watched the circling dove,
  And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found
  Of some dread secret half-accounted true,
Who knew what hands and hearts the letter bound,
  And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;
  The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearled and shone
  The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
  There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaying plume,
  A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
  Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marvelled how
  The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;
  Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge;
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
  More used to "boot and saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
  Took out the note; held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;
  Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast;
  Laughed softly in a flattered, happy way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on his chest,
  And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
  There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
  A small gray spot—the record of a tear.

FIRE-BELLS.

M. R. JOHNSON.

WHY these hundreds hurrying by?
  Why that weird, discordant cry?
Why this sound of flying feet
Rushing madly through the street?
Hark! that cry again I hear,
As a voice, though filled with fear:
Fire! Fire! The fire-bells' pealing out;
Hear ye not that frantic shout?

Dong—ding——Fire! Fire! Fire!
Oh, the cry seems rising higher!
Flies the crowd in breathless speed—
Surging, crowding, none to lead;
Feel ye not the flames' hot breath?
On, on they come! 'Tis certain death!
See ye not the angry glare
Sending fire-tongues through the air?

How they fight to check their sway,
Those brave lads! and well they may.
Fire! Fire! Fire! O God, the cry!
Quickly to the rescue fly.
Hear the fire-bells wildly swell!
Listen to the tale they tell!
Wilder!—louder! through the air,
Pealing, calling, everywhere.

Flames are leaping in their wrath,
Making broad a blackened path:
Quick! Now! there's a chance!
But again the flames advance;
See the wily, stealthy foe!
Can its march no power o'erthrow?
Can no human power stay
This tongued monster in its sway?

To the front again! The goal is won!
Nobly done, brave lads, well done!
But see! the flames are reaching higher!
The sky looks one vast sheet of fire.
Dong—Ding—Ding—Dong—
Sounds through the air the midnight gong.
Here they come with quickened leap,
Grasping all as on they sweep.

See the flames! And now behold!
Upward, onward, eager, bold,
Press again; again, lads, climb!
Be not faint; true soldiers, climb!
What care ye for flame and smoke?
What care ye e'en though ye choke?
Would ye yield to this fiend's power?
Were ye e'er known, brave lads, to cower?

Never! Hark! there's a voice—a shriek!
The voice of a woman—pitiful, weak;
Perhaps some direful, terrible fate
This mother and children alike await.
There! Once again that shriek I hear,
Filled with agony, dread and fear.
Now to the front again; work with a will;
And do not retreat again until,

With a willing hand and a sturdy blow,
Mother and children are landed below.
Fire! Fire! The air with this cry is rent;
On sweeps the monster, its power not spent.
Look to yon house-top! Look on the roof!
See those true fire-boys; is that not proof
Of deeds and nobleness sublime
That would shame the valor of olden time?

No danger can these lads appall;
No fear have they at duty's call;
But all ever ready, true and brave—
Ready to battle, to suffer, to save.
The crowd seems waiting with bated breath;
Saved is a child from the jaws of death!
Quickly through the surging throng,
Bearing it in his arms, so strong:

Saved is the child—all danger past!
A voice cries out: "Saved, saved at last!"
But, oh! it proved a terrible fright,
And hundreds were homeless that bitter night.
It was a sad, a pitiful cry,
That pierced the air through a flame-lit sky;
I hear it now that deafening knell,
As peal after peal from the iron tongues fell.

Ding—Dong—Dong—Ding——
My God! it is a fearful thing
To watch the fire-fiend's scorching breath
Sweep before it certain death;
To see it spread, and the flames leap out,
To hear the shriek and the maddened shout,
To watch the sparks and tongues shoot higher,
And again the cry of Fire! Fire!

DAD'S LITTLE FIDDLE

FRED WARNER SIBLEY.

SARSARTY was the fiddler's name;
An' he could play,
Well, I should say!
'Twas a whole circus an' a shinny game
To hear him make that fiddle talk,
An' laugh an' cry 's if like to die.
He made it dance, he made it walk,
He made it sing, he made it sigh;
He sent the notes clear up to Mary,
An' then way down to the Old Harry.
He knew, no doubt, what he was about.
He fairly set me cryin' once,
An' then he made me laugh right out.
I felt as sheepish as a dunce.
But arter all is sed an' done,
Arter all the fine notes he would take
'Twarn't no sech music 's Dad 'ud make
With the little fiddle he played on.

'Twas the cutest little fiddle:
It was as black

As a factory stack.
It allers seemed to me a riddle
Where all them pretty sounds 'ud stay!
They were so sweet, so shy, so neat;
An' then the way 'at Dad 'ud play!
There wa'n't nobody but 'ud say
It was delicious jes' to feel
The bow a-turnin' off a reel.
Back an' forward, toe an' heel,
Your eyes a-dancin' with your feet,
Your partner lookin' flushed an' sweet;
Not a false step, not a break—
Sech was the music Dad 'ud make
With the little fiddle he played on.

But in the chimney-corner home,
A winter night
By candle-light,
The sweetes' music seemed to come.
You'd hear the water laughin', dancin';
The birds 'ud sing, the sleighbells ring,
You'd fairly see the horses prancin';
An' then so low, so sweet an' slow,
You'd hear the fairies in the air
A-singin' to 'emselves up there
A verse each time he drawed the bow.
An' Bill an' me, aside his knee,
'Ud sit an' cry an' laugh together,
An' watch the flickerin' in the fire,
An' specklate an' wonder whether
The angels in the holy choir
From their gold harps sech notes 'ud shake
As the lovely music Dad 'ud make
With the little fiddle he played on.

THE FARMER'S SONG-BIRD.

GEORGE HORTON.

YOU may talk about the music of the thrush,
Singing from a shady nook in June;
You may tell me how in early morning's hush
Robins' throats their melody attune;
You may even praise the chatter of the wren,
But to me the sweetest warbling in the world,
Is the cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut,
cut, cut, cut, cut dawcut
Of the ordinary hen!

I have nothing against the bobolink to say;
Nor the blackbird's crazy quiverings;
I can listen quite enchanted all the day
If the oriole above me sings;
'Gainst the nightingale I've not a single word,
But I claim there's no singing in the world
Like the cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut,
cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut
Of our gallinaceous bird!

'Tis a pæan and a promise all in one,
'Tis an invitation to a feast;
'Tis an honest boast of useful labor done,
And it tells of capital increased;
Oh, I praise no fancy bird with tongue or pen
For to me the noblest music in the world

Is the cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut; dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut,
cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
Of the common barnyard hen!

True, 'tis not a cultured, operatic song,
Like the caged canary shouts and trills,
But it often makes a city fellow long
For his boyhood back among the hills,
While he dreams he's barefoot, hunting eggs again
To the most pathetic music in the world,
To the cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
cut, cut, cut, cut,
cut, cut, cut, cut, dawcut,
Of his mother's speckled hen!

A REPORTER'S PRAYER.

J. A. FRASER, JR.

WHEN from my couch I rise at morn, I kneel me down and pray:
"Oh, Lord, prevent all murdering and burglary to-day.
But if in Thy great mercy, Lord, a murder there must be,
Oh, let Thy servant be on hand the awful deed to see.
And if a burglary Thou hast ordained, then to the spot
Thy servant guide with hasty feet; good Lord forbid it not.
And if some direful accident occurs, then by Thy grace
Send me upon the scene, oh, Lord, just after it takes place.
Forgive me my many sins and faults, I pray Thee once again,
And Thine shall be the glory, Lord, forevermore. Amen."

LAURA'S COMPOSITION ON THE COW.

A COW is an animal with four legs on the under side—one on each korner. The tail is longer than the legs, but's not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears, that wiggle on hinges; so does the tail. A cow is bigger than a calf, but not as big as an elephant. She is made small so she can go in the barn-door when nobody is looking. Some cows are black, and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. Black cows give white milk; so does other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their little girls dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds, and each cow find her own chew. Then they swallow their chews, and chuse another chew to chew. This is all there is about cows.

THE FAREWELL.

NOT going abroad? What, to-morrow?
And to stay, goodness knows, for how long?
Really, Jack, 'twould appear that dry sorrow
Had done even you, sir, a wrong.

It has? Ha, ha, ha, what a joke, sir!
Is it Mabel, or Jenny, or Nell?
I'm sure you are wrong; hold my cloak, sir.
Am I not an old friend? Come, now, tell.

The prince of our set broken-hearted!
What a joke! Who rejected you? Speak!
Did you look like that, Jack, when you parted?
Was that pallor of death on your cheek?

You interest me. Tell me about it,
And let your old chum, sir, console.

Hard hit in the heart, I don't doubt it;
  You were made for that sort of a rôle.

Did you bend on your knee like an actor,
  Hardly knowing just where to begin?
Was dear mamma's consent the main factor?
  What a fool the poor girl must have been!

Who was she? What!—I—You were jealous?
  Oh, Jack, who'd have thought such a thing!
You've been certainly not over zealous;
  But, kiss me, and where is the ring?

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

DIMINUTIVE puerile ultramarine,
  Thy aperture, buccal muscles between,
  Inflate with pure ethereal air;
And then with force propel collected gases
Through resonant curved metallic masses,
  And thus produce a sound so fair.

For adult species of the genus ovis
Perambulate the vales of rich graminis,
  And trespass on the sward so fine;
While through standing culms of various avenas,
Triticums, hordeums, and also of zeas,
  Meander all the tribe bovine.

In what point of space can that infantile male,
Who carefully tends ovine mammals so frail,
  Be discovered or e'en unearthed?
Beneath a superincumbent mound he's laid,
A mound of sun-dried culms and graminal blade,
  In somnolency berthed.

THE TWO OLD SOLDIERS.

J. C. MACY.

YOU don't quite remember? Ah! modest old fellow!
Eh? Yes, we *are* gray and a little bit mellow;
But if from the shade of yon sheltering thicket
Should creep forth the enemy's vigilant picket,
We'd prick up our ears, and we'd ram down the cartridge,
And scent game that's different from squirrels and partridge,
Old fellow!

Think!—Aye, now you've hit it—there *had* "been some fighting,"
Old boy, where the hail-storm of bullets was blighting
And deadly. One-half of the company shot there,
All heroes, whose blood has made sacred the spot there.
Ah! now you remember. Yes, Death was delighted.
(He'd held a reception, and we'd been invited,
Old fellow!)

We rested that night on the field, in our places;
The moonbeams seemed trying to kiss the dead faces
That lay there; while slowly I called the roll, giving
The names of the dead with the names of the living;
And when I called yours a strange feeling came o'er me;
I dreaded to look at the thinned ranks before me,
Old fellow!

I called you—no answer! But who was that crawling
Across the torn earth where the shot had been falling?
"He's here!" answered someone, and up you came, dragging
Your poor wounded limb; for you wouldn't be lagging
At roll-call! "I'm present," you answered, and sank there,
The truest of all the true heroes in rank there,
Old fellow!

"I cared for you?" Bless your old buttons, don't say it!
I owe you much more, but I never can pay it.
For we two were messmates. Eh? Yes, *'tis* warm weather,
And tears come from dust and tobacco together!
Come, let us go in. Hark! the children are singing—
Our grandchildren! Time has been swift in his winging,
Old fellow!

CORREGIO.

"KRUNA."

[SCENE: An artist's room, containing easel on which is resting portrait of Madonna and Child.]

PILLOWED on crimson clouds, the golden sun
Was sinking to his rest; his last warm rays
Bending to kiss the lime-leaves, and throw out
A farewell smile to nodding woodbine flowers,
Which clung about the humble cottage panes,
And shook beneath the soft Italian breeze
Till half *their* brightness scattered through, and fell
Upon the sanded floor.
But quite unheeded by the artist's eye,
Which, bent upon his almost finished task,
Flashed with pure joy, in spite of weary brain,
As from the canvas sprang to meet his gaze
The life he had created. One touch more!
"There—ah, 'tis done at last! Rejoice with me!"

Corregio turned, and Maddalena's eye
Rested upon him with a prouder gleam
Than sunbeams throw upon their favorite flowers,
While, bending low, she pressed upon his brow
The fervent kiss which all her rapture spoke.

"How beautiful! those faces such, methinks,
As we might look for in a brighter world.
They show no model here—thy genius all.
Yet care sits brooding on thy troubled brow;
And I can see thy cheek grows far too pale,
As if the roses there were plucked for these,"
(Laying her finger lightly on the frame).
She turned; for at the door a step was heard,
And her quick eye Nicolo's glance had caught.
He gazed upon the picture, and the look
Which his stern face was wont to wear gave way.
He looked like one who came to chide, but stopped
And smiled instead, for sudden cause for change—
Some like a cloud, that chances on a glimpse
Of a bright sun across the heavens, and throws
With haste a rainbow all across its face.
"My daughter and her child, as true to life
As stands that life embodied to my view!
'Tis well, my daughter; I no more will chide
Or blame thee for thy choice—poor though thou art.
Pietro may have gold; but glory's here."

"He cannot yet forgive my preference;"
And Maddalena smiled. "I scorn his gold!
Hadst thou its double, my Corregio,
I should not love thee more!"
The artist's pale cheek glowed, and in his eye
Sparkled a brighter lustre, as he gazed
Upon his noble wife, whose strength of love
Made poverty's hard track a rose-strewn path.

A few days passed, and Nicolo once more
Entered the cottage. On his cheek there burned
The fire of jealousy which, once again,
Pietro's envy had enkindled there.

Corregio plied his pencil, and beside
His easel Maddalena sat—her boy
Leaning against her, while upon her knee,
And smiling in her eyes her infant lay.
It was a happy picture; but, alas!
Too soon the shading dark, and darker grew
Till all was night.
"Come home with me,"
The father said. "I'm lonely now, and he,
Corregio, has his pictures; he cares not
For aught beside, and I am lonely now.
Already has his traitorous pencil sketched,
With its most witching skill, my Maddalen
And her sweet Giovanni: calling it, forsooth,
Madonna and her Child!"

Corregio's pencil dropped—his dark eye met
Nicolo's—but no word unsealed his lips.

"Father!" and Maddalena's gaze met his.
"Surely you cannot mean—you do not know
What words you utter. Pietro again
Has crossed your way. How I despise the man!
Whatever falsehood, calumny, proceeds
From his vile lips, I pray thee take no heed."

"Forgive me!" said Nicolo. "I am old
And childish grown." Corregio took the hand
Stretched out for pardon, and with faltering voice,
"Forgive *me*, then!" he said, "that I have brought
For Maddalena naught but poverty.
Oh, it is withering, crushing, to be poor!
But throw the garb of poverty around
The form you worship, and 'tis madness proved.

I loved her better than my life, alas!
But I am weak, I cannot bear it now.
Yes, I will scorn my pencil, throw aside
My cherished plans, and toil for daily bread.
Thy father shall not say again, 'Come home!'
Sweet Maddalena, were it not for thee,
And thine own noble boys, I fain would go—"

"Hush, hush, Corregio! thou art weary, sick.
Why talk of poverty? My heart is light;
My boys are rosy-cheeked, and full of glee;
My home, our home, oh, it is Eden-fair!
Thy love, thy smile, is more than wealth enough."

A stranger entered. "Do I see," he asked,
"Antonio Corregio? I have come
To bring you hence to Rome. Thy genius there
Shall richly be rewarded. Come with me;
My master, Michael Angelo, would see
One of whose fame he has with pleasure heard."

So spake Romaneo, while a deathly hue
Crept slowly o'er Corregio's wasted cheek.
It was too much—the biting grief, the joy,
Shocking in turn the unnerved yielding frame,
As when the storm some passion-flower has beat
Low to the ground, out comes the glowing sun
Smiling upon the ruin it completes.

"I cannot thank thee, now—another day—
My brain grows wild—yes—I am very weak."

Days passed. And with a faint and weary step
Corregio on his way to Parma bears
The finished picture. With the dear-bought price

He homeward turns. "What joy this gold shall bring!
What blessing to our home! But I, alas!
I must have weaker grown; the way is long—
My limbs are weary. I will sit me down
Beside yon cooling fount, and rest awhile.
Rest! Oh, how sweet it steals upon me now!
Sweet as the breath which these blue violets
Give up, to soothe and lull me.
Rest! And their perfumed breathings whisper me
Of that fair land where blessed, perfect rest
Is not a stranger; where the sweetest flowers
Bloom not in scattered nooks and lonely dells
Alone, but everywhere and fadeless!"

Then on his weary eyelids gentle sleep
Threw her soft mantle, and her magic wand
Called up before him, in their sweetest guise,
His noble wife and bright-eyed, laughing boys.
Her cheek was pressed to his; her clustering locks
Shut out the ray, too bright, from his dim eye;
And her low voice was whispering words of love.
"Ah, can it be," he murmured low, at length,
"My Maddalen! I thought I *dreamed* of thee.
'*Tis* thee—thank heaven—farewell, a long farewell!"

Was it the mantle sleep had lightly thrown
Upon the weary man? Its folds were dark,
And heavier they grew, and pressed those lids,
Alas, more tightly than sweet sleep is wont.
A mortal paleness gathered round the lips;
An ashen hue o'erspread the moveless cheeks;
And when, in agony of hope and fear,
His Maddalena strove to waken him,
She found it was not *sleep* that chained him there!

THE GREAT BELL OF PEKIN.

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

IN a tower swinging high to the stars of China's sky,
While the watchmen to and fro beat the passing time below,
Rings the Bell of Pekin slow.

From that tower's sounding stones through the city reach its tones,
In the solemn hush and dark, gloomy hours of night they mark,
And the waker whispers, "Hark!"

Then he turns him on his bed with a murmur for the dead,
While the midnight ringers toll, and the hollow echoes roll,
Breathes a prayer for Ko-ai's soul.

When at noon the shadows fall from the Temple near the wall,
From that church and citadel where the priests of Buddha dwell,
Silent hangs the mighty Bell.

But its huge, misshapen shadow, like a rain-cloud o'er a meadow,
Falling through the sunlit air, lies upon the pleasant square,
As a demon brooding there.

For poor Ko-ai's restless spirit, ever-wandering, lingers near it,
And the priests of Buddha say, "She to death will tempt away
All who in its shadow stray."

When the emperors pass, its tongue sharp against the sides is swung;
To the city's furthest bound, grand, vibrating chords resound,
As the thunder-peals profound.

Women list with bated breath, and each to the other saith,
As the sonorous echoes die in a sorrowful, low sigh:
"Do you hear poor Ko-ai's cry?"

For the Chinese damsels tell legends of this magic Bell,

How its perfect tone is due to the heart of maiden true,
Swift to plan and brave to do.

* * * * * * * * * *

Straight the tower stood and tall, gray its massive granite wall,
From the desert to the strand, never one in all that land
E'er was builded half so grand.

And the Emperor proudly sware never tower rose so fair!
But the belfry, voiceless, dim, like a warrior, dumb and grim,
Flung a challenge back to him.

Then he called his skilled Bell-Master, and a bell he ordered, vaster
Than the mightiest one that swung in his empire great its tongue,
In that tower to be hung.

"Let it ring out clear and strong, as inspiring battle-song!
May it echo far," said he, "through the land and o'er the sea;
It the bell of bells must be!"

Oh, the Master's heart beat proud, though he, suppliant, lowly bowed;
Confident his quick reply: "Mighty ruler, who but I
Should this tower glorify?

"I a hundred bells have cast, sweet, sonorous, solemn, vast,
But a mightier one shall ring, through the silence quivering
Like a living, sentient thing!"

Some enchantment surely ailed him, for the casting ever failed him.
Though he finest metal sought, and his mould with patience wrought,
All his labor came to naught.

Baffling flaws the metal scarred, discords harsh its music jarred,
For alas! a magic spell o'er the casting of the Bell,
As an evil shadow fell!

To the Emperor came he then, loath, unhappiest of men,
Faltered out his failure prone 'fore the cushioned, carven throne
Where the "Dragon" sat alone.

"Grant me yet a trial!" he plead. "Be the forfeit, then, thy head
If thy casting fail once more," thus the angry monarch swore
By the royal name he bore.

From the paved and painted hall (scarlet glowed its tinted wall,
Blue the curtains rich unrolled, in each silken, shining fold
Heavy weighed with 'broidered gold)

To the tower, tall and fair, went the Master in despair,
And the belfry, empty, still, in his fancy seemed to fill
With a bell's great throb and thrill.

Then he sought his virgin daughter, to his breast he fondly caught her,
Told the girl his pending doom, and a shadow from the tomb
Fell across her maiden bloom.

Lovingly she nestled near him, womanly she strove to cheer him:
"Fear thou not the 'Dragon's' threat; faint thou not, nor falter yet,
Lest thy cunning thou forget.

"Boldly seek the casting-place; Ko-ai's maidens, by thy grace,
Shall attend her on that day; they, pure maidens, haply, may
Turn this evil spell away!"

Bent on secret, solemn mission, Ko-ai sought a famed magician,
Skilled in spirit sorceries, in the future's mysteries,
In the planets' prophecies.

To the girl the wizard turned, and his soul prophetic burned:
"Thou canst break this magic spell; if thou lovest deep and well,
Yet shall ring a perfect bell.

"By a maiden pure alone can this spell be overthrown:
With the metal's seething flood must be mingled virgin's blood,
And the castings shall be good."

To the sacrifice impelled, by her mighty love upheld,
Ko-ai left him, cold and white. From a maiden, youthful, slight,
She had grown to hero-height!

'Mongst her maidens, pale but fair, Ko-ai moved with queenly air,
Bade them bring her tunic blue, and the silken cord they drew
Curiously her tresses through.

Bade them bind on throat and wrist opal gems and amethyst;
Place a ruby on her breast o'er the silk-embroidered vest
That her throbbing bosom pressed.

Oh, the Master's heart beat high! "Failures past success imply."
Oh, his breath came thick and fast! "This will be a perfect cast;
I shall surely win at last!"

Oh, but Ko-ai's blood ran cold as she saw the empty mould!
And her heart, heroic, brave, for her father, life to save,
Shuddered at that waiting grave!

As the taps they slowly drew and a molten mass rushed through,
Pouring in from every side in a hot and angry tide,
Reaching for its youthful bride,

To her maidens Ko-ai turned, and her heart with sorrow yearned:
"They will weep for Ko-ai's death, but their eyes are young," she saith;
"Time grief ever softeneth,

"And the trace of bitter tears ill befit their happy years.
Though they grieve for Ko-ai's fate, love and pleasure them await;
These their hearts will alienate.

"For my father no to-morrow brings him respite from his sorrow;
Yet though long his heart-strings bleed, I must succor him in need,
I must prove my love indeed!"

Then with sudden, startling cry: "For my father's life I die!
Only a pure maiden's blood can the casting render good!"
Leaped she to the wooing flood.

Fierce that lover wild caressed her, close in burning arms he pressed her,

And the kisses hot he rained on her lips with life-blood stained,
Life and color from them drained.

But the spell was overthrown; and the Bell in make and tone
Perfect in that tower swings, and whene'er its great voice rings,
Memories of Ko-ai brings.

For its mighty thunder-tone dies out ever in a moan,
And the listeners say and sigh: "Do you hear the great Bell cry?
Ko-ai's spirit passeth by."

THE MEN WHO WORE THE SHIELD.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

HAIL, heroes of the battle! Hail, men who wore the shield!
Who bore the flag to glory on many a sanguine field!
We celebrate your victories and twine you greener bays,
For peace has wound her olives 'round the crowns of sterner days;
The splendor of your conquests casts a halo o'er the land,
And the hopes of lagging ages quicken as they wondering stand;
Though the slogan sounds no longer and the brazen tongues are sealed,
There is proud acclaim to shout your name, O men who wore the shield!

Lo, I see the boyish faces kindling with the breath of spring,
Turning from the nestling cottage with the sturdy rifle swing;
From the orchards pink with blossoms to the long and dusty way,
Where the monster guns are groaning and the dead are in the way;
And the boyish eyes are glowing and the boyish steps are light,
And the colonel wheels his horse to gaze, for 'tis a splendid sight;
And with uniforms like heaven's blue with heaven's stars revealed,
They mark the measures with their steps, the men who wore the shield.

They are marching, proudly marching, but there's danger in the way,
And the fever springs as stealthy as a wolf upon his prey;
And the sudden shot is flying where the lurking demons hide,
And the dogs of war are growling and their reeking maws are wide;
Lo, the videttes warn the pickets and the pickets warn the lines,
And the long roll roars and rumbles through the soughing sentry pines;
But the boyish lips are fast and firm, their fealty is sealed,
For heaven the fight whose cause is right, the men who wore the shield.

In the Tennesseean mountains, through the famine and the snow,
Round the slender lines of fagots see the shivering heroes go;
And with frenzied eyes they're gazing for relief that never comes,
For the Cumberlands encompass and there's death in Longstreet's guns.
On the Clinch and on the Holstein Burnside cheers his valliant men.
(Heads uncover, for you loved him; he was proud to lead you then!)
And as oaks defy the tempest when the stormy trumps are pealed,
So they hold their heads to heaven, the men who wore the shield.

From Lenoir and Campbell's Station, with their bare and bleeding feet,
They are falling back on Knoxville in the snow and in the sleet,
And the foeman plucks a column as a lion plucks the fold,
And they languish in the prison and they perish in the cold;
They are fighting in the trenches with the fiery Cleburne's men,
And he's riding to destruction while his columns cheer again;
Through the siege and through the sorrow of the long-contested field,
They are conquerors triumphant, the men who wore the shield.

They are battering on Atlanta, and their boyish faces wear
All the grim determination of the men who do and dare;
They have shared the bold baptismal, they've received the crimson seal

Graven on each furrowed forehead with the stylograph of steel;
Down the ridges of Resaca, on the heights of Kenesaw,
On the monoliths of ages they have writ the golden law;
And the bells in all the steeples have the glorious pæans pealed,
And the victor crowns are many for the men who wore the shield.

And at Franklin, oh, at Franklin, in the awful iron rain
Where the shocks of Hood's battalions break our foremost lines in twain.
And the lurid conflagration of the burning cotton-gin
Casts a dual desolation o'er the devastating din,
And a brother mourns a brother in the fiercest of the fray,
And the horse forsakes his rider and the bugles cease to bray;
When the scales of conflict tremble and disaster flies afield,
In the beetling lines of battle are the men who wore the shield.

Lo, the days of strife are ended! Lo, the prayers of peace arise!
And the bugler blows his blithest through the sunny Southern skies!
And where war put on the helmet, while the cannons gave salute,
Are the choruses of children and the sound of lyre and lute!
On the skirmish-lines of progress are the ranks of Schofield's men,—
For the sword, the budding olive; for the sabre, book and pen;
For the reveille, the rally unto many a fairer field,
And the realms of peace are blooming for the men who wore the shield.

Hail, heroes under Foster! Hail, men who wore the shield!
Hail conquerors who fought with Cox on many a sanguine field!
Hail, victors under Thomas, with the Stars and Stripes ahead!
Hail, to the honored living, hail to the valiant dead!
Hail, royal ranks who rallied to the ringing reveille,
To keep the Union grand and great and one from sea to sea!
Though the slogan sounds no longer and the brazen tongues are sealed,
There is proud acclaim to shout your fame, O men who wore the shield!

ANN RAFFERTY'S EVIDENCE.

ANNIE S. SHIELDS.

"ANN RAFFERTY," said the Judge.

"Here, yer Honor."

"Come forward, and let us hear what you know about this case."

"Yis, surr, I'm comin', yer Honor. Oh, yis, yer Honor, I know percisely what yer want, an' I'd have yer ter know, surr, that Nora Brady there wus no more ter blame fur the killin' o' that monkey thin yerself, surr. No, surr. Sure it's herself, surr, an' me too, surr, as had as good characters as any two gurls that iver planted a fut on the bogs o' Queens County."

"My dear woman, you must confine yourself to the case in hand. I want no more digression."

"True, yer Honor, true fur ye. It's forgittin', I am. Divil the more digression I'll be doin', surr, but come at wanct ter the killin' o' that haythen's monkey. Oh, surr, I'm comin' ter that in a minit. Well, as I wus sayin', at a wrastlin', a cudgelin', a weddin', a wake or a funeral, Nora Brady had more ter say thin all the min put tergether, an' divil the boy could toe the mark wid her in a reel or a jig, ef ye'd only give her a lashin' o' whiskey."

Here the Italian owner of the monkey tries in vain to expostulate about "lofing zat monkie like wan bruddaire." He "would not sell zat monkie for hundred dollaire," and wildly baring his neck, he shows the ugly marks of the monkey's claws and teeth.

Rising, with an effort at dignity, the Judge silenced the Italian, and with a slight reprimand for Ann, urged her to finish her testimony as briefly as possible.

"Well, ye see, surr, as I was sayin', Nora an' me, bein' as we wus friends, we come out here tergether. We wus only here about a fortnight, surr, an' fixed nice an' snug, we wus, surr, on the top

flure in an immigrant hotel, when Nora tells me wan mornin' ter sit forninst her. 'Ann,' sez she, 'we've only a few pound betwune us, an' be hook an' be crook,' sez she, 'we must get wurk.' Wid this she turned up the shleeve uv her lindsey, an' showed me an arm that wus as big as the hind leg o' the cow that Jimmy Lannigan had at the May Fair at Bally-cowan. 'Now, Ann,' sez she, 'put on that bonnet o' yours an' come wid me. I'll warrant ye, we'll fin' wurk afore the sun goes down.' Ah, surr, yer Honor, I wish ye could 'a' seen that bowld gurl thin. Well, surr, be the eye in her head, I could see she wus in airnest, an' I felt as safe be her side, as iv I wus leanin' on the arm o' Phodrig, the shmith. Sure yer Honor must 'a' heard o' Phodrig, o' Bally na Hinch? Well, surr, as I wus sayin', we wint out, an' Nora done the talkin'. 'Surr,' sez she, or 'Madam,' wid her bowld chest trun out, an wan iv her big hands holdin' moine, 'we're lookin' fur wurk.' Well, surr, yer Honor, we walked till we were that tired, I felt like I wus jist after dancin' a reel afore the quality."

"My good woman," said the Judge, with a last effort to be dignified, "this is beyond endurance."

"Oh, surr, I'm comin' to't, I'm comin' to't right this minit. All uv a suddint, surr, we come to a place where they sells burds, an' shnakes, an' reptiles, an' ratters, an' monkeys, an' bull-pups, surr, an' the place wus kep,' surr, by the same yaller lookin' Eyetalian there forninst ye, an' it wus called a burd sthore."

"Come, come."

"I ax yer pardon, surr, but as I wus tellin' ye, he hired us both as soon as Nora towld him about the bull-pups her Uncle McFadgen raised in Clin Minch. Yis, surr, yer Honor, I wus ter do the cookin', an' Nora wus ter look after the dogs, an' th' other varmints, an' give seeds an' wather ter the burds. Friday mornin', Nora come into the kitchen an' sez to me, sez she:

"'Ann, th' owld Eyetalian's gone out, an' I'm goin' ter have a happy family,' sez she.

"'A what?' sez I.

"'A happy family,' sez she. 'Don't ye know that them burds,

an' monkeys, an' porkipines, an' alligators, an' shnakes kin all be put tergether, an' divil the happier crowd ye iver see than'll be thim same, whin they're all tergether.'

"Wid the shtep uv a cat, she goes to the frunt dure an' locks an' bars it, an' thin she opens cage after cage, box after box, till ivery one iv thim burds, bastes, an' reptiles wus free ter cum out on the flure. Afore ye could say the wurd, that flure wus covered wid chatterin' canaries, parrots, burds o' paradise, Braymi hins, swans, porkipines, rabbits, shnakes, monkeys, mockin'-burds, jay-burds,—iverythin', in an' out o' the sayson, but the gould fishes, an' thim wus in a tank at the windy. The first thin' we knowed, while me an' Nora wus peepin' in at the back dure the monkey—bad cess ter him—tuk a burd o' paradise be the neck, an' holdin' him on the flure begin pickin' all the lovely feathers out uv him. Well, surr, yer Honor, afore he let that burd go, ye'd think it wus an American shquab. Indade, surr, ye would. A shnake wus coiled up be the frunt dure, lookin' on in a dreamin' sort o' way at the fun. An owld hawk come out uv his cage an' hitchin' his claws in the best singin'-burd o' the place, plucked him from fut ter bill, an' eat him forninst us, as dignified as a barrister.

"All uv a suddint two game roosters commence ter jumpin' an' spurrin' in the very middle uv the flure. As soon as the feathers begin flyin', surr, I wish ye could 'a' heard the chatterin' an' squeakin'. The guinea pigs wint squealin' away, as they run agin the porkipines. The biggest an' ugliest o' the bull-pups wus chokin' a pink-eyed rabbit in the corner; there wus a cacklin' o' hins, a hissin' o' shnakes, a mewin' o' maltese cats, an' a circus altergether.

"Poor Nora rushes in ter make order, surr, an' in the midst uv it all, who should look in at the frunt dure but the Eyetalian! Well, surr, he wus that infuriated, he had an eye in his head like a mad gander. Burstin' in the dure, the haythin med a rush fur Nora, but she wus the gurl ter shtay right there wid him. Wid one purty shwing uv her fist, she laid him out, like she wus entertainin' herself, at a Tipperary weddin'. Well, surr, yer Honor, th' Eyetalian riz up agin, an' he wus that foamin' wid rage he sayzes

a shlimy-lookin' shnake be the tail, an' whirlin' it over his head, makes a blow at Nora wid the other ind. Oh! but Nora wus the gurl fur him! Duckin' her head, wid the shkill uv a boxer, she sayzes the monkey be the tail, an' begins weltin' the Eyetalian over the head wid him. Oh, surr, 'twould 'a' dun yer heart good, if ye could 'a' seen that marauder dodgin', an' shqualin', over that place. Ivery toime the monkey come down on him he'd fasten his claws in his hair, an' whin Nora'd shwing him back agin, he'd bring the full o' yer two han's wid him!

"All uv a suddint, the purliceman looks in at the frunt dure. Wid one more beautiful shwing o' the howlin' monkey, she laid th' Eyetalian on the flat uv his back, on the flure. Raychin' down fur her skirts, an' liftin' 'em nigh to her hips, she come rushin' through the dure, an' over the back fince we wint tergether, like the two frunt hounds in a shteeple chase, an' now, surr, yer Honor, ye have it all."

"That will do," said the Judge.

It is needless to say that Nora didn't pay for that monkey.

TWO PROFESSIONS.

G. E. THROOP.

HE.

"YOU ne'er can object to my arm round your waist,
And the reason you'll readily guess;
I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist
On the 'Liberty of the Press.'"

SHE.

"I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad,
And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not
You were 'making the waist places glad.'"

MARY'S STORY OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

[From "The Light of the World."]

"OH! we were fain for sorrow and for shame
Who stood to see Him die! Never so low
Bowed the bright sun, stooping to bathe his gold
In whelming waves; never so meek, and lost,
Faded the splendor of the morning star
Before that morning which it heralded,
As He did humble and abjure Himself—
In moment of arriving majesty—
Consenting on the cross to hang and die.
Oh, measure what a love, if thou canst mete,
The immortal pity of that soul serene.
Pitiless only to its body, firm
To hold it uncomplaining, patient, still,
Close to the cross; of one mind with the nails,
With the dull, senseless wood—for sake of men,
And great salvation of all flesh to be.
Not summoning once, with one swift-thinking thought,
The rescue that had rushed on wings of fire
From North and South and East and West, to aid.
Not suffering once—not when the fever raged
Worst in His veins, and thirst blackened His lips,
And those whom He had come to teach and save
Gave Him no better thanks than bitter gibes—
Not suffering death—who waited weepingly
For leave to strike—to hasten one small step
Quicker for Him than for the thieves who hung
On either hand! All this to wring no word
From His most innocent and pardoning breast
Except the tender mandate, sadly sighed

To Mary Mother, wailing at His feet;
And the sick gasp, 'I thirst!' and spirit's spasm
'Father! dost Thou forsake Me?' and the cry
Of victory's anguish: 'It is finished!'

"And measure—if the mind can ever mete—
That sorrow of us standing by, who saw
Our Master—Master over death and pain,
Lord of all angels and all devils—droop
Unhelped; we who so loved Him helplessly
Gazing far off, held from His bleeding feet
By Pilate's spears and guards of Caiaphas,
And Roman soldiers casting lots to share
His sacred vestments! Measure what a pang
Tore us, and mocked our faith, and made our hopes
Fall, leaf by leaf, like last leaves, when the blast
Of winter strips the vineyard gray and bare!
I loved Him so! I worshipped so! I knew
So well in inmost mind He could not die,
And would not die, and was not less than God,
And should make good to all, in His good time,
The meaning, and the means, and mystery,
And be that King they wrote Him on the scroll,—
That, while mine eyes ran tears too thick to see
His dear face, and my fingers clinched themselves
Into my palms, as if they were the nails
Piercing His hands, I went not otherwise
Than full assured it would be well at last.
Ah, never since tears rolled—since human hearts
Beat quick with hope, to break in black despair—
Lay Love so wingless, Faith so quite forlorn
As that dread day, on guilty Golgotha!"
She paused—the great drops welling from her eyes—
But lit behind by such a ray as breaks
Across the April rain, and paints the bow.

"Then, while the first day of the week was dark,
Alone I wended to His sepulchre,
Bearing fair water, and the frankincense,
And linen, that my Lord's sweet body sleep
Well in the rock. And while my woeful feet
Passed through the gate, and up the paved ascent
Along the second wall, over the hill,
Into that garden, hard by Golgotha,—
The morning brightened over Moab's peaks,
Touched the great temple's dome with crimson fires,
Lit Ophel and Moriah rosy red,
Made Olivet all gold, and in the pools
In Hinnom laid a sudden lance of flame.
And from the thorn trees break the waking songs
Of little birds; and every palm tree's top
Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not
How love was dead, and life's dear glory gone,
And the world's hope lay in the tomb with Him;
Which now I spied—that hollow in the rock
Under the camphire leaves. Yet no guards there
To help me roll the stone! nay, and no stone!
It lay apart, leaving the door agape.
And through the door, as I might dimly see,
The scattered wrappings of the burial night,
Pale gleams amidst the gloom. Not waiting, then—
Deeming our treasure taken wickedly—
I sped; and came to Peter and to John,
And cried: 'Our Lord is stolen from His grave,
And none to tell where He is borne away!'
Thereat, they ran together, came, and saw;
And entered in; and found the linen cloths
Scattered; the rock bed empty; and, amazed,
Back to the house they went. But I drew nigh
A second time, alone; heart-broken now
The bright day seeming blackest night to me,

The small birds mockers, and the city's noise—
Waking within the walls—hateful and vain.
Why should earth wake, the Son of Man asleep?
Or that great guilty city rise and live,
With this dear Lord, dead, in her stony skirts?
Fled, too, my last fond hope, to lay Him fair,
And kiss His wounded feet, and wash the blood
From the pierced palms, and comb His tangled hair
To comeliness, and leave Him, like a king,
To His forgetful angels. Weeping hard
With these thoughts, like to snake-fangs, stinging me,
My left hand on the stone I laid, and shut
The eager sunshine off with my right hand,
Kneeling, and looking in the sepulchre.
It was not dark within! I deemed at first
A lamp burned there, such radiance mild I saw
Lighting the hewn walls, and the linen bands;
And in one corner, folded by itself,
The face cloth. Coming closer, I espied
Two men who sate there, very watchfully,
One at the head, the other at the foot
Of that stone table where my Lord had lain.
Oh! I say 'men'—I should have known no men
Had eyes like theirs, shapes so majestical,
Tongues tuned to such a music as the tone
Wherewith they questioned me. 'Why weepest thou?'
'Ah, sirs,' I said, 'my Lord is ta'en away,
Nor wot we wither!' and thereat my tears
Blotted all seeing.
I—my brow i' the dust—
Heard Him say softly: 'Wherefore weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou?' A little marvelled I—
Still at His foot, too sorrowful to rise—
He should ask this—the void grave gaping near
And He its watchman; yet His accents glad—

Nay, each word sweet with secret resonance
Of joy shut in it, and a tender note
Of lightness, like the gentle raillery
Which lovers use, dissembling happiness.
Nathless, not lifting up my foolish head,
'Sir,' said I, 'if 'tis thou hast borne Him hence,
Tell me where thou hast laid Him. Then will I
Bear Him away!' What answer came to that?
Ah, friend! such answer that my sadness turned
Gladness, as suddenly as gray is gold
When the sun springs in glory! Such a word
As made my mourning laugh itself to naught
Like a cloud melting to the blue! Such word
As, with more music than earth ever heard,
Sat my swift-dancing veins full well aware
Why so the day dawned, and the city stirred,
And the vast idle world went busy on,
And the birds carolled, and, in palm tree tops,
The wise doves cooed of love! Oh, a dear word
Spoke first to me, and, after me, to all,
That all may always know He is the Lord,
And Death is dead, and new times come for men,
And heaven's ways justified, and Christ alive,
Whom we saw die, nailed on the cruel cross!
For while I lay there, sobbing at His feet,
The word He spake—my Lord, my King, my Christ!—
Was my name—'Mary!'

"If I say the dead
Catch tone of some such melting tenderness
When first their lovers in the new life flock
And greet and kiss them, telling them sweet things
Of bliss beyond, and love crowned conqueror;
If I should liken hopeless mariners
Snatched sudden from black gulfs, or men condemned,
Ransomed from chains, and led to marriage feasts,

With the swift comfort of that instant change,
All must fall short! No language had I then,
No language have I now! Only I turned
My quick glance upward; saw Him, knew Him! sprang
Crying: 'Rabboni!—Lord! my Lord! dear Lord!'"

ALMIRY ANN.

"ALMIRY! Almiry Ann! Ef you kin hear me you'd better come in an' wash them dishes quick!"

No answer but a derisive echo from behind the barn.

"Seems es ef them hills over there jes' lay out to sars me," fumed Miss Nancy, as the faint "An-an-an" came at her in little dabs of mockery; "seems es ef they was human an' knowed I was gettin' worsted. Ef you don't come in this minit I'll send you to bed 'thout any 'lasses gingerbread, true es preachin'!"

"Preachin'-chin'-in'," gibed the echo, "chin'-in'."

Miss Nancy turned away, with her nine hundred and ninety-ninth frown of displeasure. Hardly had she disappeared when a little black head, with two woolly braids pointing outward like derisive fingers, and a mouth smeared round with currant-juice, raised itself from under the shadow of the trees.

"'Pears like,"—the voice was warm and soothing as the sunshine—"'pears like I don' want no 'lasses gingerbread; I don' seem to hab no hankerin' arter it. To tell de trufe, currants am good 'nuff fur dis chile, an' she don' hanker arter no gingerbread dis day, fur a fac'."

With which the two braids went undermost and the smeared mouth came uppermost to receive another cluster of currants.

Meanwhile Miss Nancy had washed the dishes, given the stove its afternoon polish, put the chairs in a severe propriety of angle against the wall, chased a lonesome fly into nervous prostration, and gone through her usual afternoon duties. But, somehow, through all her actions there was an air of absent-mindedness. It

was clear that "her mind wa'n't on her work." She had left a spot as big as a five-cent piece on the stove; she had pulled one shade half an inch lower than the other; she had hung the brush-broom on the second nail from the door, instead of the first; and, more conclusive than any of these indications, she had entirely forgotten Almiry Ann.

The sun crept across the rugs unrebuked, and even ventured to lay a bar of gold across the alpaca apron. The fly came to life cautiously, and buzzed in subdued gratitude. The chickens hopped in and out of the back entry, the canary trilled away to deaf ears, for down upon Miss Nancy there had been wafted one of those softened moments that occasionally come to even the most practical of lives. For she had been settled in spinsterhood so long that only a romantic soul or two remembered that there had been a time when a young man's steps had haunted the Devins homestead, and a young man's hand had brought to its one youthful member dear, foolish gifts—a bunch of flowers, a shabby little autograph album, a daguerreotype of most ferocious aspect, and a carved peach-stone.

But the war had interfered. Perhaps in any case things would have ended as they did. Perhaps it might be for the best; but the daguerreotype was still in its place on the mantel, and once a year the carved peach-stone was taken out of the box and looked at with pensive eyes. Why, then, should she wonder and dream? Why should she put on her best alpaca on a week day? To Almiry Ann, who sidled in at this juncture, it appeared like a revolution.

"Sittin' down at two o'clock in de arternoon wid 'er knittin'," said this child of darkness, with a gasp, "an' not a scrimage ob a pucker anywhar' 'bout 'er. Lor' bress us, Almiry, de Judgment Day hab come! 'Pears like I heerd yo' call, Miss Nancy," she questioned, sweetly, roosting on one leg by the door; "or was yo' shooin' de chicks? Dey's a dre'ful plague, dem chicks is; dey eats up de berries jes' orful."

Miss Nancy raised her eyes with a bewildered air.

When—what—chickens—berries—what was it all about? Then a warm blush crept to the edges of her smooth hair. The knitting-

needles rattled in sudden activity. The gray eyes looked up sharply at the clock, whose hour-hand was getting on to four.

"You kin go"—how like explosions the words did seem—"you kin go for some berries—ef you want to. There's the two-quart pail in the pantry, an' ef you kin come home straight, 'thout loiterin', I'd like to see you."

To be caught like any school-girl dreaming of a man who had forgotten her—this was a pretty pass, indeed. She was ashamed of herself—and yet when the thud of bare feet had died away the vagrant thoughts went wandering back. Would he remember those old times and for the sake of them come out to the lonely farm? Pshaw! Probably he'd forgotten all about her—and the peach-stone. He'd go, most likely, to see the Hoitts—they were always great friends—and the Hildreths, and that would most likely take up all the time he had, for didn't Martha Higgins say he'd only come for a day? No; 'twa'n't to be expected. A creak of the old gate came athwart the musings, and the sound of steps disturbed the stillness. Then a vigorous rap fell upon the side-door.

"Rat-tat-tat!" went the sound, and "rat-tat-tat!" went Miss Nancy's heart in swift echo, while her lips formed a wild protest.

"I do believe—I don't know—gracious me! Is my back hair smooth an' my collar straight? 'Tain't noways likely it's him, so don't be a fool!"

But really it did not seem to matter, for the tall, ruddy-faced man who confronted her was in a state of trepidation equal to her own. He fumbled at his hat and smiled nervously at the maiden lady's spectacles, and finally gave forth a kind of explosion, which, taking form, became:

"Well, Nancy, how's the crops?"

What Miss Nancy replied she never knew, but there was a harassing conviction in her inner consciousness that she said, feebly: "Tolerable well, for old folks!"

How well Cyrus Carter remembered that sitting-room, with its rocking-chair, in which he had sailed many a stormy voyage as a

boy, and its bright rugs and huge sofa. A map made of the geographical relations of its furniture then would have held good till now. But once in its cool orderliness, an awful silence engulfed them again, for the familiar room, instead of reassuring Cyrus Carter, suddenly accentuated the distance which lay between him and his young manhood.

"Well, Nancy," he began, with a rash dependence on inspiration which failed him; "well, Nancy."

"Yes, Cyrus," answered Miss Nancy, from her edge of the sofa, "it's been a long time."

"I suppose the neighborhood hes changed some?" he said, desperately. "Old folks gone—new folks come?"

"Yes." Why couldn't she look at him sensibly and not have that crack in her voice? "There's been consider'ble change."

"Jeb Jones hes married an' settled down, they said to the village."

"Yes. He's stiddy an' prosperin'."

"Thad Tuttle hes come to no good," he said, dimly trying to vindicate himself, "ef he did stay at home."

"No; but Thad wouldn't 'a' come to any good anywheres. Silas Green is dead, too, an' Lizzy Noyes, an' Dely Sprague." Miss Nancy's knitting-needles rattled on. She was doing her best. "I s'pose you've seen a marster sight, travelin' 'roun' so."

"Yes—some," answered Cyrus, hearing only the prim cadences, and giving a hopeless assent to their coldness. "Mor'n I want."

Then he got up slowly, and Miss Nancy, helpless with that crushing sense of overthrown hope, rose, too, outwardly as stiff as one of her own bean-poles.

"Must you be a-goin'?"

Ice would have considered itself warm in comparison to the syllables.

"Yes; I jest come over to see how—how things looked. Perhaps I'll see ye agen," looking wistfully into his hat-crown and so losing the light that suddenly shone into the maiden lady's eyes; "but I don't reckon I will, seein's I go to-morrow."

"Seein's I go to-morrow!" It was as if somebody had said "seein's the world ends to-morrow," but the Puritan muscles quivered never a bit, and in their owner's reply was the serenity of a long line of ancestors.

"Yes. Well, I s'pose ye hev lots to 'tend to."

"'Tain't that, but—well, good-bye, Nancy, an'—an' God bless ye."

In another moment he had wrung her hand and plunged out of the house. He couldn't know that with the click of the door-latch a lonely figure threw itself down by the sofa on which his hat had left a rim of dust and shook with sobs. He couldn't see the rigid face break into the pitiful lines of a sorrow-stricken woman, and not seeing or knowing either of these things he swung down the road accompanied by his own gloomy thoughts.

"'Twasn't to be expected after all these years. She don't know I ain't never thought o' no one else. I was a great fool to go back."

He plowed vengefully through the dust, regardless of the dress suit he had put on with such hope in the morning, and bent his eyes so resolutely to his boots that a figure in a red calico gown slipped along behind him unnoticed. It was Almiry Ann, who, from her perch outside the window, had been an interested spectator of the brief scene. Her tin pail was empty, and her sunbonnet hung over one shoulder. One shoe had come off in her hurry, and the other threatened to follow suit.

"Hi, dar, yo' man!"

"Yo' man" moved steadily on. He was thinking of certain soft-colored stuffs which would never be unpacked from his trunks now.

"I say, dar, ain't yo' never gwine t' stop? I's drefful low in breaf! Hi!" It was the last effort, and it shot out with a desperate crack.

He turned abruptly. "What's wanted?"

"Nothin's wanted dat I knows on, only ef I was yo' I jes' wouldn' hurry so."

"You little imp——"

He turned to stride on.

"Yo' jes' wait. 'Tain't no good to hurry. I neber does, an' I grows like a pig-weed. Miss Nancy says so. I want er tell ye somethin'. Miss Nancy, she's a-scringed down by de sofy a-cryin' like I neber seed 'er crying' afore, only once—ober a picture dat looks berry much like yo'. I don' t'ink yo'd better go away—I don' fur a fac'."

"Miss Nancy cryin'?"

"Dat's w'at I said, ain't it?"

"An' she cried once afore over a picture that looked like me?"

"Don' I tell ye so?"

But the answer was unheeded, for with a bound he had cleared the bushes and the stone-wall and was plunging over the marshy meadow. Up past the potato patch and through the corn; in among a flock of chickens and round the woodshed to the side porch. There he paused. Was it likely that it was his picture, and wasn't she crying for—for—why, any of a thousand reasons? He was a double fool for coming back. But he would risk it once more. His hand lifted the latch, and his dusty figure passed in. The sun had slanted away from the sofa, but the figure was still there. The stocking lay on the floor, with a reckless spread of its needles. Their dreadful click was still.

"Nancy—Nancy, may I come in?"

Two tear-swollen eyes turned to his defiantly.

"Well, I s'pose——"

But she never did "s'pose" or imagine or reason anything about it. She saw the wistful figure standing there with outstretched arms and tender eyes, and, somehow, the years of separation slipped away.

"Dar's a squash pie an' a pumpkin an' citron cake an' presarves," ruminated Almiry, half an hour later, as she peered in at the window, "an' I reckin dey won't know ef dar ain't no blackberries. Dis chile do hab de greates' luck dese days, fur a fac'!"

A CONSENSUS OF THE COMPETENT.

DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

[SCENE: A morning room. TIME: The end of a delightful season.]

KATE, ETHEL, GLADYS — Girls, I'm engaged to the best / dearest / divinest man!

ETHEL. You remember, girls, we promised to tell each other everything—even this. Kate, dear, you begin. Tell every single thing, mind!

KATE [*beginning bravely*]. There isn't much to tell, after all. He goes in awfully for athletics, too. We had been playing tennis together for a whole week, and I had just won a hard game. He came right up, all red and hot, with his blazer half off one shoulder, and just said, brusquely: "Miss Kate, let's play together through life! Is it a go?" Three days afterward he was called West by a telegram, but he writes me every Sunday—jolly, bluff, hearty letters, like himself. Oh, girls, he is just the nicest fellow!

GLADYS. Now, Ethel, it's your turn.

ETHEL [*blushing very much*]. I met him at one of our Swinburne evenings. He is frightfully reserved and cynical, and don't believe in anything hardly—especially women; but "some way," he said, "I was different." I had known him only three days; we were strolling down the sand at sunset, and he was looking very bored and handsome. I sat down on a rock, and he walked away to the sea. Then suddenly he came up to me, with the saddest look, and told me that since he had seen me life had taken on a sombre brightness that he had never expected to know again; that my fresh enthusiasms and beliefs were like flowers, and he begged me to consent to "lift the heavy shadow from a darkened heart." He left the next day, very reluctantly, but he writes me twice every week—such sadly-sweet, despairing things! Oh, girls, he is the dearest fellow!

KATE. Now, Gladys.

GLADYS [*with solemnity*]. He is just perfectly romantic! We had only been introduced early that evening, but he asked me to go out on the lake. All at once he dropped the oars—they were fastened in—sprang over the seats, fell on his knees beside me and whispered: "My darling, my ideal, be mine forever! Think, think, dearest, what is life without love! I have known you but three short hours, yet I feel that our souls have been acquainted since eternity." He left by the early stage in the morning, but he writes me twice a day—notes of the most passionate ecstasy. Oh, girls, he is the most adorable fellow!

ETHEL. We promised to tell names, too. I am proud to tell mine!

KATE. Of course.

GLADYS. So am I.

KATE, ETHEL, GLADYS — His name is Harry / Henry F. / H. Frisbee Carter!

KATE, ETHEL, GLADYS — Oh-h-h, the fraud! / the wicked wretch! / the ineffable monster!

A KISS.

WHAT art thou? What dost thou look like? Why hast thou no corporeal being that I may carry thee home in my vest pocket or in a basket and examine thee at my leisure?

Did I give thee, or did I receive thee? And in thy case was it better, as the Good Book says, to give than to receive?

I know very little about thee, yet I know that the sensation was one of very slight moisture, like one of Dr. Dunn's predicted thunder storms, accompanied by a slight smacking sound as of one who is eating grapes.

Yet this is useless knowledge. There is one thing that I like about thee, however, and that is that thou madest me feel much better, thank you.

"I'M GLAD HE KNOWS."

TOM BROWN.

"HE knows it was me, then, wot hollered?"
He moaned between spasms of pain.
"I did all I knowed on—to warn him—"
He said, and then fainted again.
He lay on the hospital mattress,
A hue as of death on his face:
The surgeon stood by, but one glance of his eye
Told his skill was no use in the case.

'Twas a little, black, country-bred urchin,
Who lived—well, one scarcely knew how;
He slept in pit-hovels or stables—
A bed, funds would rarely allow.
He rambled 'twixt village and hamlet
From dawn until late in the night;
The postman alone on his rounds better known,
And he not more cheerful a wight.

He had started out early that morning
For a town about four miles away,
Where his help with the market-folks promised
To ensure him a trifle of pay.
It was cold and quite dark when he started;
There had been a slight frost in the night,
And so thick was the mist, he his road nearly missed
Twice or thrice in the faint morning light.

At length the way led to a summit
Free from fog, and then straight and quite steep
It fell for a mile toward the bottom,

Half its length hid in fog grey and deep.
With a whoop, like an Indian—or schoolboy—
He started full speed down the hill,
Enjoying the pace of a make-believe race,
With a zest a boy only could feel.

And he felt, as he plunged in the mist-cloud,
A joy that was something akin
To that felt by explorers when, leaving
The known track, their perils begin.
But a cry, not of joy, but of terror
Burst from him, then followed a groan,
And the lithe, active frame lay stunned, bleeding and lame,
Down a chasm some twenty feet thrown.

There had happened what happens but rarely—
The mines underneath, giving way,
Had swallowed down nearly an acre
Of surface earth, limestone and clay.
But of this the poor lad had no notion,
And when his dazed senses returned,
He could only recall the vague fright of the fall;
Its cause he but dimly discerned.

Realizing at length his position,
He bravely attempted to climb;
But his broken limb hindered him sadly,
And dragged him back time after time.
But at last, with persistence heroic,
He managed the roadway to gain;
And from its jagged ledge, crept into the hedge,
Worn out with exertion and pain.

But hark! hoofs are swiftly approaching!
He peers through the mist up the hill,

Recognizes the gig, knows the driver—
  A man from the Old Quarry Mill.
He had often befriended the youngster,
  And, now that in peril he stood,
The boy, at a glance, saw that here he'd a chance
  Himself grateful to prove—and he would.

And so, though each movement was torture,
  He hobbled out into the lane,
And hollaed, and waved his hands wildly;
  But his cries, 'mid the clatter, were vain.
At full speed came the horse till right on him,
  Then, shying, swerved round to the right;
Tore the gig from its wheels, and crushed 'neath his heels
  The innocent cause of his fright.

The noise of the crash reached the village,
  And willing hands, rendering prompt aid,
Found the man with a badly-sprained ankle,
  The boy senseless—quite dead, they're afraid.
"Fetch a cab, car, or something—and quickly!"
  Said the driver, "and get him away
To the hospital. My hurt may tarry,
  But his life's fast ebbing away."

A hastily-improvised stretcher;
  A hurried but gentle advance;
A mile-ride in the arms of his bearers;
  And he woke from his pain-burdened trance.
His first question was as to the driver.
  They answered him, "Only a sprain."
"An' he knows—it was me—wot hollered?" said he,
  And smiled again, spite of his pain.

"Yes, he knew you, and so did Another,"
  The hospital nurse whispered low.

"Jesus saw your brave deed, little fellow,
And was pleased you should follow Him so."
His eyes opened wide. "The Lord Jesus?—
I've heerd bits—about Him—afore—
An' yo' think—He'd be glad—'cos I hollered—like mad—
To stop the kind gent—drivin' o'er?

"Well!—I'm blest!—Now I wouldn't ha' thought it!"
He murmured,—"*Both* on 'em—to know—
Oh! my side!—but I'm glad—as I done it——"
His voice grew more feeble and low.
"He's on his last errand, poor beggar!"
Said the surgeon—more kind than he shows.
The pale lips moved once more, and the nurse, bending o'er,
Caught the whisper, "I'm glad—as He knows."

A VIOLIN FANTASY.

GENEVIEVE C. FLETCHER.

[May be given with violin or piano accompaniment.]

IT is evening. The howling of the wind and the beating of the rain against the windows deepen the gloom. Up in a dingy, dark little attic, with his loved violin on his knee, sits Antoine Durand. He has just come from the Academie, where the Directeur has again refused his plea to be allowed to play.

"Just once, only once, to-night, Monsieur le Directeur. I am cold! Let me come in and warm myself by playing before your grand audience, and I will play as never before. I feel it. Ah! you smile, monsieur. You little know what one can do, must do, when driven to it by want! Try me to-night!"

But no. The Directeur, tired of the persistence of the poor, half-crazed beggar, orders him out of his presence; and Antoine,

cold, tired, hungry, closely hugging his violin, wanders back to the dreary attic he calls home. There he sits down, and delicately, reverently touching the strings of that loved instrument, plays a wild, weird air he calls his "Consolation."

The rain beats against the windows, the feeble flicker of the little candle grows fainter and fainter—at last a great gust of wind cuts it off entirely. Unheeding the darkness, forgetful of cold and hunger, the musician plays on. Never has the old violin sent forth such touching, stirring tones. Sadder and wilder becomes its theme. The artist is telling the story of his life: His merry, happy-hearted childhood, his youth, ambition, manhood, love of art; then failure and despair touchingly are wailed forth by that faithful companion. At last the instrument slips from his almost frozen fingers, and as the first rays of sunlight struggle in through the tiny windows, Antoine Durand sinks in troubled sleep upon the floor.

Late in the afternoon he awakes, arranges his threadbare toilet with scrupulous care, and goes out. Where can he go? The poor, starved beggar of a musician—nobody cares for him, or for the music that, at the touch of his fingers, gushes from that shabby old violin. Straight to the door of the Academie Antoine goes. The pleading, the refusal, the dismissal of the evening before are repeated. But Antoine is not silenced.

"You shall hear me, monsieur. I will play to-night a new and yet a very old fantasy. It will move your audience, even in this great Academie, so that they will weep—because they can never so hear it again!"

Impressed in spite of himself, and partly to silence the fellow, the Directeur consents to let him play.

"If you care to brave the laughter and derision of such an audience as nightly gather here, you may play; but I warn you, it is the only time you will be granted the privilege of learning what the world thinks of M. Antoine Durand, Artist," he adds, mockingly.

When Antoine appears on the stage there is a murmur of astonishment, that gives place to amusement at the grotesque appearance of the artist and his battered instrument. One sweeping survey of

his audience, then, with gentle hand, the artist touches the strings.

Hark! the great audience listen breathlessly as the gay, light-hearted laughter of a child at play, joyous and blithe as the birds that warble on the tree-tops, floats out on the perfumed air; then changing to the earnestness of youth, its golden dreams and aspirations, they bend to the passionate bliss of the player, and live with him the happy days of long ago. On and on, through the dreary waste of years that follow that glorious time of youth and love, they are swept unresistingly along, quivering in sympathy at the vehement despair of the player, pouring forth his soul in such exquisite melody; till, at last, with one mighty burst of music, soaring into a strain of exultation so clear and sweet and pure that it seems a prayer of thanksgiving, the violin, as if racked with the passion of the musician and throbbing with his pain, breaks into fragments and falls to the ground at the same moment that its master, with a smile of heaven upon his countenance, sinks to the floor.

Too late for Antoine Durand do the vast audience rock the stately building with their applause.

The story of life has been played to the end, the curtain rung down, and Death has put out the lights.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

ONE Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there, he found a little mouse.
"A merry Christmas, little friend," said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir!" said the mouse. "I thought you wouldn't mind
If I should stay awake to-night, and watch you for a while."
"You're very welcome, little mouse," said Santa, with a smile.
And then he filled the stockings up, before the mouse could wink,—
From toe to top, from top to toe, there wasn't left a chink.
"Now they won't hold another thing," said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes, but humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict—your pardon I implore,—
But in the fullest stocking there, I could get one thing more."
"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse! don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years, I should have learned the knack."
And then he took the stocking down from where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more; I give you leave to try."
The mousie chuckled to himself, and then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe, and gnawed a little hole!
"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus, I've put in one thing more;
For you will own, that little hole was not in there before."
How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh! and then he gaily spoke:
"Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese for that nice little joke!'

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

SHE stood at the glass with a glowing cheek,
And looked at the face reflected there
And thought that the mirror, if it could speak,
Would say she was very sweet and fair.

As she turned with a smile to her husband, he
Remarked, and his tone conveyed a sneer,
"It pleases you very much, I see,
To look at yourself in the glass, my dear."

She had learned the art of keeping cool,
So she answered him in a gentle tone:
"I'm glad to know I am beautiful
For my husband's sake, and not my own."

A flush of shame his face o'erspread,
And, crossing over to where she stood,
He kissed her warmly, and softly said:
"You are more than beautiful—you are good."

JOE, MY PARD, THE PARSON.

S. BLAIR M'BEATH.

WE were sittting round the fire, staring at the logs ablaze
In a sort of waking slumber, watching lazily the ways
That the flames would dance and flicker, lighting up the trees around,
While the snapping and the crackling of the logs would weirdly sound.
Joe, my pard, seemed dull and silent, smoked his cob and blinked his eyes,
Only moved to stretch his foot and make the flames the higher rise.
Guess you've been that way, old fellow, p'raps not in the logging camp,
Still the feeling will creep on you as you watch the flames decamp
Up the city's smoky chimney when you're snugly fixed at home;
Loggers' camp or stately mansion, by the fire thoughts will roam.
So I left my pard to ponder—what's the use to break the spell
When a chap's a-sitting pumping soothing draughts from memory's well?

Joe and I were timber crusers out in Minnesota there,
Met haphazard, struck acquaintance, seemed to fit each fair and square.
So we've worked for many a season, Joe's a jewel, says I am;
Anyway we stuck together tight as shells of any clam.
Well, I fixed the blankets ready, rigged the tent up for the night,
Banked the fire, knocked my pipe out: "Joe," said I, "I guess all's right;
Time for us to turn in now, pard, reckon you've nigh done your smoke."
Then he started, stretched himself once, gave the logs another poke.
"Waiting for the parson are you?" said he in an absent way.
'Tween ourselves, sir, Joe was parson; every night he used to pray.

Made that contract when we partnered: "Pard," said he, "I've got a whim
That my dear old mother taught me; said she, 'Pray each night to Him,'
And I do it; guess you'll think me just a sanctimonious fool;
All I ask is, don't disturb me and I'll carry out my rule."
I was hit hard, though a rough one, "Joe," said I, "your hand, my lad;
If you'll always be the parson I will join you mighty glad."
"That's a bargain," said he, "shake, pard," and that very night we knelt;
Joe, he prayed, and as for me, sir, down my cheeks the tears would pelt.
Sunday school and boyhood's home days proved too much for my old eyes
First time I knelt down with Joe, sir, 'neath the forest's starlit skies.

"Yes, all's ready for the parson, pull yourself together, Joe.
What's a-troubling you to-night, pard? thinking-work seems mighty slow."
Then he looked up. "Pard, just sit down," said he. "Were you ever hit
Rather hard by some one woman?" "Was I? Just a leetle bit,
First by one and then another," said I, with a quiet laugh;
"But so far I've seemed to jog on minus my better half."
"Well," said Joe, "I've been a-thinking, staring in the fire to-night,
Till my heart has caught the red heat that's a-blazing there so bright;
More I stared the plainer came there something that brought home to me
Courting days—I once was hit, pard. Now you know what's troubling me."
"Brace up, Joe," said I, quite cheery, "put your pipe out, come to bed.

Sleep, maybe, will kind of help you drive the thoughts out of your head.
Did she leave you for another? women folk, they have no mind.
Then forget"—"Say! stop right there, pard, don't you say a word unkind,
Or, by heaven, there'll be a quarrel!" leaping to his feet, he cried.
Down he sat and sobbed: "Forget her! Pard, she loved me, but she died.
Don't you mind me—there, it's over," and he gave the fire a stir,
Then we turned in. Joe was parson, but his prayer was most of her.

HE HAD TO SPEAK.

"LAURA," said George, with an eager, restless yearning in his gaze, "may I ask a favor of you, dear?"

They had sat in the darkened parlor for hours in the eloquent communion of soul with soul that needs no articulate sound to give it language. But something impelled George to speak. The longing that surged up from his very heart must find expression in words. Therefore he had spoken.

"What is it, George?" she whispered.

"It may involve some sacrifice, darling, But believe me, Laura, it is for the best!"

"What is it, George?" she repeated, in a voice that trembled as with a vague foreboding of coming disaster.

"You will believe me, dearest," he said, with an agitation becoming every moment more uncontrollable, "when I say that I am driven to ask it by circumstances over which I have no control, that I have pondered long over it, and am not acting from hasty impulse?"

"Yes, yes!" the beautiful young girl exclaimed, with quivering lips. "What is it you ask, George? What is it?"

"Darling," he said, and the wild, imploring look in his face thrilled her to the inmost depths of her being, "I wish you would sit on the other knee awhile. This one is getting horribly tired!"

A DOG PARTNERSHIP CASE.

A MAN came into the office of Judge X. the other day, and when the Judge had time to listen to him, he said:

"Judge, my name is Scudder. I called to see you about a case that kinder bewilders me, and I thought maybe you might throw some light on her—might just give me the law points so's I would know whether it was worth while suing or not.

"Well, Judge, you see me and a man named Potts went into partnership on a dog. We bought him. He was a setter, and me and Potts went shares on him so as to take him out a-hunting. It was never exactly settled which half belonged to Potts, but somehow I kinder formed an idea that the hind end was mine and the front end Potts's. Consequence was that when the dog barked I always said, 'There goes Potts's half exercising itself,' and when the dog's tail wagged I always considered that my end was being agitated. And, of course, when one of my hind legs scratched one of Potts's ears or one of his shoulders I was perfectly satisfied; first, because that sorter thing was good for the whole dog, and, second, because the thing would get about even when Potts's head would reach around and bite a flea off my hind legs or snap at a fly.

"Well, things went along smooth enough for a while, until one day that dog began to get into the habit of running around after his tail. He was the foolishest dog about that I ever see. Used to chase his tail round and round until he got so giddy he couldn't bark. And you know I was skeered lest it might hurt the dog's health; and as Potts didn't seem to be willing to keep his end from circulating in pursuit of my end, I made up my mind to chop the dog's tail off, so's to make him reform and behave. So last Saturday I caused the dog to back up ag'inst a log, and then I suddenly dropped the axe on his tail, pretty close up, and the next minute he was booming around that yard yowling like a boat-load of wildcats. Just then Potts came up, and he let on to be mud mad because I'd cut off that tail. One word brought to another, and

pretty soon Potts sicked that dog on me—my own half, too, mind you—and the dog bit me in the leg, bit a piece out of it. See that; look at that leg! About a half-pound gone—et up by that dog.

"Now, what I want to see you about, Judge, is this: Can't I recover damages for assault and battery from Potts? What I chopped off belonged to me, recollect. I owned an undivided half of that setter pup, from the tip of his tail clear up to the third rib, and I had a right to cut away as much of it as I had a mind to; while Potts, being sole owner of the dog's head, is responsible when he bites anybody."

"I don't know," replied the Judge, musingly. "There have not been on any decisions on cases exactly like this. What does Mr. Potts say?"

"Why, Potts's view is that I divided the dog the wrong way. When he wants to map out his half he draws a line from the middle of the nose, right along the spine, and clear to the end of the tail. That gives me one hind leg and one fore leg, and makes him joint proprietor in the tail. And he says that if I wanted to cut off my half of the tail I might have done it, and he wouldn't have cared; but what made him mad was that I wasted his property without consulting him. That theory seems to me a little strained, and if it is legal, why I'm going to close out my half of that dog at a sacrifice sooner than hold any interest in him on those principles. Now, what do you think about it?"

"Well, I can hardly decide so important a question offhand; but at the first glance my opinion is that you own the whole dog and that Potts also owns the whole dog. So, when he bites you a suit won't lie against Potts, and the only thing you can do is to make the dog bite Potts also. As for the tail, when it is separated from the dog it is no longer the dog's tail, and it is not worth fighting about."

"Can't sue Potts, you say?"

"I think not."

"Can't get damages for the meat that's been bit out of me?"

"I hardly think you can."

"Well, well, and yet you talk about American civilization, and temples of justice, and such things! All right. Let it go. I kin stand it; but don't anybody ever undertake to tell me that the law protects human beings in their rights. Good morning, Judge."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Scudder," said the Judge; "you've forgotten my fee."

"F-f-f-fee! Why, you don't charge anything when I don't sue, do you?"

"Certainly—for my advice. My fee is $10."

"Ten dollars! Ten dollars! Why, Judge, that is just what I paid for my half of that dog, and I haven't got fifty cents to my name. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make over all my rights in that setter pup to you, and you kin go around and fight it out with Potts. If that dog bites me again I'll sue you and Potts, as sure as my name's Scudder."

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

THOMAS HOOD.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
  A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womankind
  Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
  As Java or Japan;
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
  I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
  To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
  To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,

And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw! me paint! me anything!—
I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice, and tasked
What works to buy, or not;
And "Would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear me read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub "my pretty page!"
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can;
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa!
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
Who lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is, the change
In parlor and in hall!
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,

Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks,
She daily sought my cabinet
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan;
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign I can't divine—
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude;
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on solitude,
Or Hervey at his tombs.
From head to heel they make me feel
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne, the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been

Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand;
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much;
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white,
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright;
I must not say that she *has* eyes,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now.

I might be hashed to death, or smashed
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

MY pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn, and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won;
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise and four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-a-têtes to come!
But tête-a-têtes must still defer;
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With Sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll,
  A monkey, too—what work he made!
The sister introduced a beau;
  My Susan brought a favorite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,
  A snappish mongrel christened Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The monkey bit, the parrot screamed,
  All day the sister strummed and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold,
  My Susan learned to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
  She sat and croaked like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer deary, duck and love,
  I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants crossed my wish,
  My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
  I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape,
  Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
  My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tompkinson was snubbed and huffed,
  She could not bear that Mr. Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
  Mamma must mingle in the song,
The sister took a sister's part,
  The maid declared her master wrong,
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
  My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
  As proved by bills that had no end;
I never had a decent coat,
  I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
  Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
  To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away
  I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
  There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
  For one who single is and snug,
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
  And Tray reposing on the rug?
If I must totter down the hill,
  'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

THE FATAL ARROW.

MY father had a fair-haired harvester;
I gleaned behind him in the barley land,
And there he put a red rose in my hand.
Oh, cruel, killing leaves those rose-leaves were.

He sung to me a little love-lorn lay,
Learned of some bird; and while his sickle swept
Athwart the shining stalks my wild heart kept
Beating the tune up with him in the way.

One time we rested by the limpid stream,
O'er which the loose-tongued willows whispered low;
Ah, blessed hour! so long and long ago—
It cometh back upon me like a dream.

And there he told me, blushing soft—ah me!
Of one that he could love—so young and fair,
Like mine the color of her eyes and hair;
Oh, foolish heart! I thought that I was she!

Full flowed his manly beard, his eyes so brown
Made sweet confession with their tender look;
A thousand times I kissed him in the brook,
Across the flowers, with bashful eyelids down.

And even yet I cannot hear the stir
Of willows by the water, but I stop
And down the warm waves all their length I drop
My empty arms to find my harvester.

In all his speech there was no word to mend;
Whate'er he said, or right or wrong, was best,
Until at last an arrow pierced my breast,
Tipped with a fatal point—he called me friend.

Still next my heart the fading rose I wore,
  But all so sad: full well I knew, God wot,
  That I had been in love and he had not,
And in the barley field I glean no more.

THE ORGANIST.

MATTHIAS BARR.

[May be given with organ accompaniment.]

AT the keyboard still he lingered,
  For a theme by some old master
  Smote his heart, and louder, faster
Beat it as the notes he fingered.

And the evening shadows creeping
  Round the spot where he was sitting,
  Watched his ghost-like fingers flitting,
Listened to the music weeping.

From its tears he sought to borrow
  Solace for his bitter anguish,
  Peace for all things doomed to languish
In the bleeding breast of sorrow.

And as rises from the ocean,
  Bright and beautiful, the morning,
  Hill and mead and stream adorning—
Rose the past to his emotion.

On its wings the music bore him
  Straight from city, street and alley,
  Bore him to his own loved valley,
Set the lordly Rhine before him.

Home he saw, familiar places,
  Vine-clad hills and shining meadows;
  And from out the deepening shadows
Crowded long-forgotten faces.

And he heard the low of cattle,
  And the goat-bells tinkling faintly,
  And the brown bees murmuring quaintly
To the brooklet's merry prattle.

And the sound of falling water
  With it brought a vision holy,
  For where turned the mill-wheel slowly,
Smiled the miller's gentle daughter.

And in accents soft and tender
  Spake he as in times long vanished,
  Ere by ruthless fortune banished
From the presence of her splendor.

O the rapture of the vision!
  O blue eyes and silken tresses!
  What to him the world's distresses,
What its laughter and derision?

Sudden gleams and bursts of glory
  Lit the hopeless miserere,
  As through midnight dark and dreary
Rolled the passion of his story.

Come away, the place is haunted,
  Leave him quietly with his sorrow,
  There shall dawn a brighter morrow
When his pleading shall be granted.

THE WAITING JULIET.

ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH.

THE house in question faced a street and the back looked over a turfed garden with a lime-tree or two, a laburnum and a lawn-tennis court marked out. At the end of the garden a door led into a narrow lane between high walls, and just beyond this, in the road, George was waiting for us with the dog-cart. We had picked the usual time—the dinner-hour. The church-clock was chiming the quarter after eight, when Peter and I let ourselves in by the door I spoke of and felt along the wall for the gardener's ladder that we knew was hanging there. The bedroom window on the first floor stood open to the night air, and inside was a faint candle-light flickering.

"She's good for half-a-hour yet," Peter whispered, holding the ladder while I began to climb; "but if I hear her voice stop, I'll give the signal to be cautious."

I went up softly, pushed my head above the level of the sill and looked in. It was a roomy place with a great bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The further curtain hid the dressing-table and the candles upon it and the jewel-case that I confidently hoped to stand upon it also.

I looked round and listened for half a minute. The house was still as death up here—not a sound in the room or in the passages beyond. With a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm I lifted one leg over the sill, then the other, and went quickly round the bed to the dressing-table.

But as soon as ever I saw round the curtain, my knees gave way, and I put out a hand toward the bed-post. Before the dressing-table, and in front of the big glass in which she could see my white face, was seated an old lady. She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown out of which rose the scraggiest neck and shoulders I have ever

looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. The powder between the two candles showed on her cheek-bones like flour on a miller's coat. Chin on hand, she was gazing steadily into the mirror before her.

While I stood stock-still and pretty well scared out of my wits, she rose, still staring at my image in the glass, and spoke in a deep, tragical voice—

"The Prince!"

Then, facing round, she held out her thin arms.

"You have come—at last?"

There wasn't much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it.

"Is the ladder set against the window?"

"Since you seem to know, ma'am," said I, "it is."

"Ah, Romeo! Your cheeks are ruddy—your poppies are too red."

"Then I'm glad my color's come back; for, to tell the truth, you did give me a turn just at first. You were looking out for me, no doubt——"

"My Prince!" She stretched out her arms again, and being pretty well at my wits' end, I let her embrace me. "It has been so long," she said; "Oh, the weary while! And they ill treat me. Where have you been all this time?"

By this time I had recovered myself sufficiently to guess—what was near the truth—that this was a mad aunt of the family below and that the game was in my hands if I played with decent care. So I met her question with another.

"Look here," I said; "I'm running a considerable risk in braving these persecutors of your'n. Hadn't we better elope at once?"

"I am ready."

"And the jewels? You won't leave them to your enemies, I suppose."

She turned to the dressing-table, lifted her jewel-case, and put it into my hands.

"I am ready," she repeated: "let us be quick and stealthy as death."

She followed me to the window and looking out, drew back.

"What horrible black depths!"

"It's as easy," said I, "as pie. You could do it on your head; look here——." I climbed out first and helped her, setting her feet on the rungs. We went down in silence, I choking all the way at the sight of Peter below, who was looking with his mouth open. When I touched turf and handed him the jewel-case, he took it like a man in a trance. We put the ladder back in its place and stole over the turf together. But outside the garden-door Peter could stand no more.

"Who, in pity's name, is *she?*'

"You mug—she's the Original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and you've got her jewels."

"Pardon me, Jem," he says, in his gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see. Are you taking her off to melt her or marry her? For how to get rid of her else——"

The poor old creature had halted, too, three paces ahead of us, and waited while we whispered, with the moonlight, that slanted down into the lane, whitening her bare neck and flashing in her jewels.

"One moment," I said, and stepped forward to her. "You had better take off those ornaments here, my dear, and give them to my servant to take care of. There's a carriage waiting for us at the end of the lane, and when he has stowed them under the seat we can climb in and drive off——"

"To the end of the world—to the very rim of it, my hero."

She pulled the gems from her ears, hair, and bosom, and handed them to Peter, who received them with a bow. Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and having carefully stowed the diamonds inside, locked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat and walked off toward the dog-cart.

"My dearest lady," I began, as soon as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life——"

Her bare arm crept into mine. "There is but a little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married, and my sister's daughters; and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my Prince."

"No, I dare say not."

"Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning——"

A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back and turning, ran for my life. I suppose that I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet pattering after me.

She must have run like a demon; for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my wrist and pulled me up on to the back-seat of the dog-cart. And before George could set the horse going her hand clutched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp, and she never got near enough again. But for half a mile at least I heard the patter of her feet in the darkness behind. Indeed, I can hear it now.

RUNNING A RACE.

C. W. F.

A LITTLE tear and a little smile set out to run a race;
We watched them closely all the while; their course was baby's [face.

The little tear he got the start; we really feared he'd win;
He ran so fast and made a dart straight for the dimpled chin.

But somehow—it was very queer; we watched them all the while—
The little shining, fretful tear, got beaten by the smile.

ZENOBIA.

MRS. W. R. JONES.

MY child, my child, my son,
I crave your pardon, yours my lords,
But when you learn that this poor boy
Who has been charged with treason,
And with a plot t' assassinate your queen,
Is my own son, you will forgive the queen
If she forgets her royal state,
And all the mother in her heart leaps up to meet her boy.
Start not! he is my son, my only son!
Think you I could forget?
No mother, howsoever lowly born, forgets her child.
You knew not that I had a son? Well, listen!
I will unfold to you a tale so dark,
A plot so deep and damnable,
That, as ye are men and fathers,
'Twill make your swords leap from your scabbards
T' avenge the wrong.

Your queen, Zenobia, was not born
A princess in the house of Judah,
But grew a wild rose on yon purple hills.
Such grace was hers as marks the antelope in his freest flight,
Such beauty as the red rose gathers to her breast from wind and sun.
Her coronet was but a wine-wreath twined in play,
Her diamonds dewdrops, flashing in the sun.
She knew no care save what the whispering winds confided to her ear,
Or the complaining waters of some brook betrayed to her.

One fateful noon-day, your King, riding in state

Across these hills, came on me unawares.
I, with my young companions, had retired
To a cool, deep, shadowy retreat,
Close by the brook El-Kedir.
He and his courtiers paused to drink,
Ate of the purple grapes we offered
And listened to the untaught songs we sang.
Well, the untrained child of nature
Found favor in his kingly eyes,
And I was asked in marriage.
Caught by the glitter and the pomp,
The royal mandate please me, poor child,
And I became the wife of him
Whom I had never learned to love,—
Whom all too soon I learned to hate.
This palace was my prison; your king my tyrant-keeper.
The crown he placed upon my brow
Pressed like a burning weight.
To torture his poor captive seemed to give an edge
To the dulled senses of my kingly spouse.

Oh! how I longed for liberty;
Oh! how I prayed for but one short hour of respite!
The wild bird beat its bleeding breast against its cage,
But was struck down by a tyrant hand.
Ah! many a time from yonder battlement
Have I watched the morning break,
And spill her splendor on my hills.
And I have envied even the least stone
That lay unnoticed there, bathed in the free light.
And many a night I called—ye stars,
Did ye not hear me call?
Did ye not hear me plead for just one hour
Of sweet forgetfulness—the while I walked,
Or seemed to walk, along the rocky path,

Worn smooth by many journeys of my childish feet,
Down the long hill to that fair brook
Whose every fret and curve I know?
Oh! but once more to watch its golden-braided waters run,
Or else in some still cavern hollowed by the waves
To sink into the unremembering depths.
My far-off purple hills, I called to thee!
Oh! dull and pulseless earth,
Did not some throb of pain
Shoot through your hidden heart
In answer to the burning thoughts I sent to thee?

Aye, but God sent me compensation,
Else had my spirit died within me.
One day, waking from a dreamless sleep,
They showed me this, this little crib,
And in it my two boys, my two buds on the parent stem—
The light and dark—
One white as with the whiteness of a shining light,
One like the night, mysterious shadows
In the dusky eyes and hair.
The wife forgot her anguish in the mother's joy.
Nothing had power to hurt me then.
I bore it all, the cruel jibes and taunts,
Nay, more, the blow that sometimes left its mark
Upon my quivering flesh.
One kiss upon the mouth of my sweet babes,
One little clinging touch of dimple hands
Healed all my wounds.

For three short, happy years
They grew in beauty as they grew in strength.
Then one, my white bud, grew whiter still,
Till Death stamped on him his own still whiteness.
O God! the agony of that hour!

And when the agony grew greater than I could bear,
I fell unconscious by this crib.

O little crib! how many a memory stirs at sight of thee!
Old and homely art thou now,
With many a scratch and scar
Upon thy once polished sides. Many a print
Of heel and toe, left by two loving little vandals
Who climbed about thee, and romped upon thy dainty pillows
All the day, and sought repose in thee at night.
O happy crib that can forget!—
Or dost thou too remember,
In the still watches of these winter nights,
One shining head that, weary of thy warmth and softness,
Slipped forever from thy embrace
Into the cold, dark chambers of the grave ?

The father stole my other child away,
Sent him from my embrace with some strange nurse.
Said he, too, would pine under my sickly care,
But in a far-off mountain home would ruddier grow
Than the rude swains about him.
Then following swift a message came—
He, too, was dead! Some vile contagion
Sweeping by had caught him in its breath.
I must not go to him, nor could the child
Be brought within the palace gates—
So said your King.
In strange despair and apathy have passed
The years since then, a score of years.
I could not tell their tale. Stagnant pools
No rippling music make.

Well, what then ? Be still and hear the story of this hour.
A letter written by your King, loit'ring in some far-off retreat,
To one as cruel as himself, by some strange chance
Is brought to me. Mark well the words :

"A secret messenger will hand you this.
That boy, so long concealed, has found his way
Into the precincts where his mother lived.
I hear him spoken of as like to her as her own child.
Some damage will accrue. Before it does,
Entrap the boy. You cannot fail to find him—
His fame for beauty and his gentle ways
Distinguish him. Make up some plot,
I care not what, so it be black and deep, in which
Ensnare this youth. Then have the royal guard upon him.
Take him a prisoner to Zenobia.
In the absence of the King 'twill be her task
To listen to the trial and carry out my sealed instructions,
Which it shall be my care to make and send to her."

Be still, my lords! I have but few more words to add.
The plot has carried well. To your strange trial
I have listened, all the motherhood in me rising wave on wave—
Yet have I been patient. But now my hour is come.
The sealed instructions of your King are
That the young man be stoned to death.
This is his most vile revenge—
To make a mother read the penalty of death
To her own son, and that son guilty of no crime
Save that of being child of a despised wife.
My lords, a prisoner, too, I sue for freedom at your hands—
Freedom for that poor boy and his defenceless mother.
Nay, nay, put up your swords. I ask not for revenge;
Only, if ye are kind, take off your shackles from that boy
And bring him to me.
I have not touched his hand these twenty years.
Now, now ye are moved to pity and soft tears.
Now, now your swords strike off his bonds.
O boy! dost know thy mother?
My son, my dark-eyed one, my baby come again!

Art grown so tall? so strong?
So, on thy broad breast leaning, back to our hills we'll go.
We will forget our twenty years apart;
And thou a child and I a savage mother,
Guarding thy every breath, will grow so fond
That life will seem a fair outfolding dream of joy.

My lords, I would that this deep heart of mine
Might overflow in thanks to you! Farewell!
Your crown has always been too heavy—
I lay it down. Your robe of state I lay aside.
And with it all my royal rights.
Your palace fair has been my prison—
I bid it a long adieu. Farewell, my lords!

My little one, I take you to my home—
My home, my home, my splendid hills,
Crowned with such wide horizons,
With long days of azure lit with gold,
With nights wherein the stars stoop low
And seem about to break their silvery silence.
My home! My home! I come! I come!

UNCLE BOB'S STORY OF DANIEL.

DAN'L wuz er good Christyun man wat lived in de Bible, and whedder he wuz er white man or whedder he wuz er brack man I dunno; I ain't nuber hyeard nobody say. But dat's neder hyear nor dar; he wuz er good man, an' he pray tree times eby day. At de fus' peepin' uv de day Brer Dan'l he usen fur ter hop out'n 'is bed an' git down on 'is knees; an' soon's ever de horn hit blowed fur de han's ter come out'n de field fur dinner, Brer Dan'l he went in 'is house, he did, an' he flop right back on 'is knees. An' w'en

de sun set, den dar he wuz ag'in, er prayin' an' er strivin' wid de Lawd.

Well, de king uv dat kentry he 'low he nuber want no prayin' 'bout 'im; he sez, sezee, "I want de thing fur ter stop." But Brer Dan'l he nuber studied 'im; he jes' prayed right on, tell by'mby de king he 'low dat de nex' man wat he kotch prayin' he wuz gwine cas' 'im in de lions' den.

Well, nex' mornin', soon's Brer Dan'l riz fum 'is bed, he light right on 'is knees an' went ter prayin'; an' wile he wuz er wrestlin' in prar, de pater-rollers dey come in an' dey tied 'im han' an' foot wid er rope, an' tuck 'im right erlong tell dey come ter de lions' den; an' wen dey wuz yit er fur ways fum dar dey hyeard de lions er ro'in' an' er sayin', "Ar-ooorrrrar! aroooarrrrar!" an' all dey hearts 'gun ter quake 'sept'n Brer Dan'l's; he nuber notice 'em; he jes' pray 'long. By'mby dey git ter de den, an' dey tie er long rope roun' Brer Dan'l's wais', an' tro 'im right in. An' dey drawed up de rope, an' went back whar dey come fum.

Well, yearly nex' mornin' heyar dey come ag'in, an' dis time de king he come wid 'em; an' dey hyeard de lions er ro'in, "Ar-ooorrrrar! ar-ooorrrrar!" An' dey come ter de den, an' dey open de do'; an' dar wuz de lions, wid dey mouf open an' dey eyes er shinin', jes' er trompin' backerds an' forerds, an' dar in de corner sot an angel smoovin' uv 'is wings; an' right in de middle uv de den wuz Dan'l jes' er sot'n back dar. Gemmun, *he wuz'n totch!* He nuber so much ez had he smell uv de lions 'bout 'im. He wuz ez whole mun ez he wuz de day he wuz born. Eben de boots on 'im wuz ez shiny ez dey wuz wen dey put 'im dar.

He preach de Word, he did, right erlong, an' atter dat he 'gun ter sing dis hymn:

> Dan'l wuz er prayin' man; he pray tree times er day
> De Lawd he hist de winder, fur ter hyear po' Dan'l pray.

Den he 'gun ter call up de mo'ners; an' dey come, too! De whole yearth wuz erlive wid 'em! De white folks dey went up, an' de niggers *dey* went up, an' de pater-rollers dey went up, an' de king

he went up, an' dey all come thu an' got 'ligion; an' fuym dat da dem folks is er sarvin' de Lawd.

An' now, chil'en, efn yer be like Brer Dan'l, an' say yer prars, an' put yer 'pen'ence in de Lawd, yer needn't be er fyeard uv no lions; de Lawd He'll take cyar uv yer, an' He'll be mighty proud to do it.

GOOD MEASURE.

A LADY on one of the sugar plantations, a zealous Christian worker, has the little negroes come to her to say the catechism. In case of disobedience, she does not hesitate to administer the old-time discipline. A little negro named Joe came in with his catechism, when the following occurred:

"Joe, how many Gods are there?"

"Three."

"Why, Joe, don't—"

"Four."

"Joe, is it possible—"

"Five."

"Will you never learn—"

"Six."

"I am astonished—"

"Seven."

"Oh, Joe, you are—"

"Eight."

This was too much, and Joe received a sharp rap on his ears, and was sent away in disgrace and tears. Going out he met a little negro named Bill.

"Whar ye gwine, Joe?"

"I'se gwine home. Look yere, Bill; how many Gods is dere?"

"Lord, Joe, don't yer know dat much? Dar's only one."

"Look yere, Bill, you gwine in dar an' tell Miss Grace dar's only one God she kill you. I tole her dar was eight an' she almos' knocked me down."

THE CRUCIFIXION.

LEW WALLACE.

Arranged by Chancie De Witt.

[From "Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ." Copyrighted, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.]

THE place of crucifixion was a space upon the top of a low knoll rounded like a skull, dry, dusty and without vegetation, except some scrubby hyssop. The boundary of the space was a wall of men, with men struggling, some to look over, others to look through. An inner wall of Roman soldiery held the dense outer wall rigidly to its place. A centurion kept eye upon the soldiers. On the slopes, in the low places, on the swells and higher hills, the earth sparkled with a strange enamelling. Look where you would, you saw no patch of brown soil, no rock, no green thing; only thousands of eyes in ruddy faces; off a little way only ruddy faces without eyes; off still further only a broad, broad circle, which the nearer view instructed you was also faces. And this was the ensemble of three millions of people, whose hearts were throbbing with passionate interest in what was taking place upon the knoll.

Upon the knoll so high as to be above the living wall and visible over the heads of an attending company of notables, conspicuous because of his mitre and vestments and haughty air, stood Caiaphas, the high priest. Up the knoll still higher, up quite to the round summit, so as to be seen far and near, was the Nazarene, stooped and suffering, but silent. He was nearly dead. He staggered as if He would fall. A stained gown badly torn hung from his shoulders over a seamless garment. His bare feet left red splotches on the ground. An inscription on a board was tied to his neck. A crown of thorns had been crushed hard down upon his head, making cruel wounds from which streams of blood, now dry and blackened, had run over his face and neck. The long hair tangled in the thorns

was clotted thick. The skin, where it could be seen, was ghastly white. His hands were tied before Him. Yet no sound escaped Him, neither remonstrance nor groans.

The wit among the guard had complimented the crown upon His head by putting a reed in His hand for a sceptre. Clamors blew upon Him like blasts—laughter, execrations, sometimes both together indistinguishably. All eyes were fixed upon the Nazarene.

On the summit of the knoll some soldiers and workmen were preparing the crosses.

"Bid the men make haste," said the high priest to the centurion.

"These," and he pointed to the Nazarene, "must be dead by the going down of the sun and buried, that the land may not be defiled. Such is the law."

With a better mind, a soldier went to the Nazarene and offered him something to drink, but He refused the cup. Then another went to Him and took from His neck the board with the inscription upon it, which he nailed to the tree of the cross, and the preparations were complete.

"The crosses are ready," said the centurion to the pontiff, who received the report with a wave of the hand and the reply, "Let the blasphemer go first. The Son of God should be able to save Himself. We will see."

When the soldiers laid their hands upon the Nazarene, a shudder passed through the great concourse; the most brutalized shrank with dread. Afterward there were those who said the air suddenly chilled and made them shiver. The guard took the Nazarene's clothes from him, so that He stood before the millions naked. The stripes of the scourging He had received in the morning were still bloody upon His back; yet He was laid pitilessly down and stretched upon the cross. First, the arms upon the transverse beam; the spikes were sharp—a few blows and they were driven through the tender palms; next, they drew His knees up until the soles of the feet rested flat upon the tree; then they placed one foot upon the other, and one spike fixed both of them fast. The dulled sound of the hammering was heard outside the guarded space, and such as

could not hear, yet saw the hammer as it fell, shivered with fear. And withal not a groan, or cry, or word of remonstrance from the sufferer; nothing at which an enemy could laugh; nothing a lover could regret.

"Which way will thou have him placed?" asked a soldier.

"Toward the Temple," the pontiff replied. "In dying I would have Him see the holy house hath not suffered by Him."

The workmen put their hands to the cross, and carried it, burden and all, to the place of planting. At a word they dropped the tree into the hole, and the body of the Nazarene also dropped heavily, and hung by the bleeding hands. Still no cry of pain—only the exclamation divinest of all recorded, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

The cross, reared now above all other objects, and standing singly out against the sky, was greeted with a burst of delight. Soon the whole mighty concourse was ringing the salutation from side to side, and repeating it with laughter and groans, "King of the Jews! Hail, King of the Jews!"

The sun was rising rapidly to noon; the hills bared their brown breasts lovingly to it; the more distant mountains rejoiced in the purple with which it so regally dressed them. In the city, the temples, palaces, towers, pinnacles, and all points of beauty and prominence seemed to lift themselves into the unrivalled brilliance, as if they knew the pride they were giving the many who from time to time turned to look at them. Suddenly a dimness began to fill the sky and cover the earth—at first no more than a scarce perceptible fading of the day; a twilight out of time; an evening gliding in upon the splendors of noon. But it deepened, and directly drew attention; whereat the noise of the shouting and laughter fell off, and men, doubting their senses, gazed at each other curiously; turned pale and held their peace. The dimness went on deepening into obscurity, and that into positive darkness, but without deterring the bolder spirits upon the knoll. One after the other the thieves were raised on their crosses, and the crosses planted. The guard was then withdrawn, and the people, set free, closed in upon the height, and

surged up it like a converging wave, and there was laughter and ribaldry and revilements, all for the Nazarene.

"Ha, ha! If thou be King of the Jews, save thyself!" a soldier shouted.

"Ay," said a priest, "if He will come down to us now, we will believe in Him."

Others wagged their heads wisely, saying, "He would destroy the Temple and rebuild it in three days, but cannot save Himself."

Others still: "He called Himself the Son of God; let us see if God will save Him."

The second hour after the suspension passed like the first one. To the Nazarene, they were hours of insult, provocation, and slow dying. He spoke but once in the time. Some women knelt at the foot of His cross. Among them He recognized His mother with the beloved disciple.

"Woman," He said, raising His voice, "behold thy son!" "And to the disciple, "Behold thy mother!"

The third hour came and still the people surged round the hill, held to it by some strange attraction. It was noticeable that coming now to the Nazarene, they approached His cross in silence, took the look in silence, and so departed. This change extended even to the guard, who so shortly before had cast lots for the clothes of the Crucified. They stood apart, watchful; if He but breathed heavily, or tossed His head in a paroxysm of pain, they were instantly on the alert. Most marvelous of all was the altered behavior of the high priest and his following, the wise men who had assisted him in the trial in the night. "The moon is at its full," they said, "and this cannot be an eclipse." Then, as no one could account for the darkness, in their secret hearts they associated it with the Nazarene, and yielded to an alarm which the long continuance of the phenomenon steadily increased.

When the third hour was about gone, some men of the rudest class came and stopped in front of the centre cross.

"This is He, the new King of the Jews," said one of them.

The others cried, with laughter, "Hail, all hail, King of the

Jews! If thou be the King of the Jews, or Son of God, come down."

At this one of the thieves quit groaning, and called to the Nazarene, "Yes, if Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us!"

The people laughed and applauded. Then, while they were listening for a reply, the other felon was heard to say, "Dost thou not fear God? We receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss."

The bystanders were astonished; in the midst of the hush which ensued, the second felon spoke again, but this time to the Nazarene. "Lord," he said, "remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

And the Nazarene answered, in a clear voice, "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!"

The breathing of the Nazarene grew harder; His sighs became great gasps. Only three hours upon the cross and he was dying! The breeze faltered and died; a stifling vapor loaded the air; heat was superadded to darkness; and three millions of people, under the overhanging pall, were waiting awe-struck as to what should happen next. Then there went out through the gloom, a cry of despair, if not reproach:

"My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me!"

Then the face, bruised and black with blood and dust as it was, lighted with a sudden glow; the eyes opened wide, and fixed upon someone visible to them alone in the far heavens; and there were content and relief, even triumph, in the shout the victim gave:

"It is finished! It is finished!"

The light in the eyes went out; slowly the crowned head sank upon the laboring breast. But the fainting soul recollected itself, and those around Him caught the other and last words, spoken in a low voice, as if to one close by: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

A tremor shook the tortured body; there was a scream of fiercest anguish, and the mission and the earthly life were over at once. The heart, with all its love, was broken; for of that the Nazarene died!